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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels in the United States of America and Canada, containing some Account of their Scientific Institutions, and a few Notices of the Geology and Mineralogy of those Countries. By I. Finch, Esq. 8vo. pp. 445. London, 1833. Longman and Co.

EXCEPT for a very few geological, mineralogical, and botanical remarks, it was hardly worth while to publish a volume so meagre in information as this is, especially after our recent inundation of works upon America, under every aspect and point of view.

The author appears to be a grandson of Dr. Priestley—to whose tomb at Northumberland on the Susquehanna, he performed a dutiful pilgrimage—and to inherit a warm love of science. Of his ancestor, he says—

"I went to view his mansion, where the last few years of his life were passed. On the peaceful shore of the gentle Susquehanna he might congratulate himself,

'Di avere finalmente trovato un porto alla sua agitata fortuna.'

The garden, orchard, and lawn, extend to the side of the river. A sun-dial, which still retains its station, was presented to Dr. Priestley by an eminent mathematician in London. Two large willow-trees grow near the mansion; under their shade he often enjoyed the summer evening breeze. His laboratory is now converted into a house for garden-tools! the furnaces pulled down! the shelves unoccupied! the floor covered with Indian corn! A stranger might be inclined to say,

'Sic transit gloria philosophiæ.'

But when the chemist, or the historian, or the philosopher, or the divine, examine the records of the various branches of learning in which they are skilled, then will his name be honoured. To this laboratory the children from the school were accustomed to come, once a week, and he would amuse them with experiments. The tomb of my grandfather, Dr. Priestley, is in the environs of the town, surrounded by a low wall. I knelt by my ancestor's tomb, and the perils and toils of my pilgrimage were remembered with pleasure."

This visit was about seven years ago; and we need not, having reviewed so many more recent and more copious travellers over the same ground, go back into Mr. Finch's itinerary. His style, too, is somewhat curious and perplexes us for the meaning; as, for example, page 2, he speaks of the shores of Kent having "letters of flint;" and at 6, of spars and sails having "ornamented the vessel." Nor do we always subscribe to his judgments—*ex. gr.* of the Deal boatmen:—

"During the violence of the storm we could observe the sailors of Deal rowing with the utmost security in the midst of the fleet, and anxiously waiting the moment when any cables should part. They board the disabled ship, and obtain fifty or a hundred pounds for a new anchor. They appeared like harpies watching for their prey."

Now the difference seems to be, that the harpies devoured their prey; the Deal men at imminent risk to themselves save theirs, and receive what is often but a poor reward for their intrepidity.

As a better specimen of the book, we shall select the author's account of the coal formation in the state of Pennsylvania, the most important in the Union; unless, perhaps, we go far to the westward:—

"The coal formations of Pennsylvania are extensive, crossing the State from New York to Maryland. Collieries are established where the transportation is easiest. I went to view the mines on the Lehigh.

"The mountains belong to the old red sandstone, and are composed of quartz-pebbles, united by a silicious base. According to the sense in which Baron Humboldt applies the term *grauwacke*, these rocks might be considered as belonging to that formation; but I prefer the former name. This rock forms the basis of all the coal formations in the eastern part of Pennsylvania, and alternates with some of the lower strata. It forms basins, in which the coal is deposited; and although in many instances only one side of the basin has been discovered, yet from the regular dip and general appearance of the country, there can be no doubt of the fact.

"On arriving at the Lehigh mines, we were agreeably surprised to find a flourishing settlement, although there appeared scarcely room for a single house. By excavating the sides of the hill, and occupying a level space by the river, they have obtained ground for the requisite buildings. These coal mines were discovered in the year 1810 by a hunter, who saw a pine-tree blown down by the wind, and pieces of coal adhered to the roots. His curiosity led him to examine it; he found the tree had grown upon a solid mass of coal, which he traced to a distance on the mountain. The land, being covered with a thick forest and far removed from any settlement, had remained in possession of the state, and he purchased a large tract of land at the usual price, two dollars per acre. He made known his discovery, and sold the mine for ten thousand dollars. A company was formed, who experienced great difficulty in sending the coal to market. The boats, loaded with coal, were floated down the Lehigh, at that time full of rocks and rapids. Many of the boats were dashed to pieces, and the men who attempted to guide them perished. There was great difficulty in selling the small quantity of coal that escaped the dangers of the route. The coal is anthracite, containing 96 carbon, 2 silic, 1 iron, 1 water. It is difficult to ignite. There was a prejudice against its use; and these difficulties induced the first company to abandon the works. Lately, the mines have been again opened under better auspices. Stoves have been constructed, and the use of coal has become general. The navigation of the Lehigh and Delaware has been improved at great expense. A road has been constructed on the

M'Adam plan to the principal mine, at a distance of nine miles from the river, at an elevation of nine hundred feet. A number of stores, dwelling houses, and mills, have been built, a foundry erected, and wharfs for shipping the coal. The capital laid out by the company exceeds four millions of dollars. We went to view the mine, and rode up the side of the mountain. The coal was on the summit, covered by a few feet of earth, which had been easily removed. The extreme edge of the basin was now presented to view, worked as an open quarry; and a space had been made, 300 feet long, 250 feet wide, and 50 feet deep. This was not all good coal; it was intermixed with bituminous shale and slate clay, similar to those of Europe. Three roads led into the mine, by which the waggons were drawn in, and, when loaded, conveyed the coal to the landing on the river. In 1824, arks were employed to convey the coal down the river. They were made of rough planks, twelve feet square, and two feet deep. Six of these arks were fastened together, and two men were stationed at each end, with a rude species of rudder to guide them. As they floated down the river, which was in some places rapid, it required great skill and strength to keep the proper channel and prevent the arks from driving on the rocks. We saw the first experiment made with seven of these fastened together; after proceeding safe two miles, they struck on a bank, and some were lost. The company have commenced a very arduous task, to make a tunnel through the mountain. This is the first work of the kind in the United States, and from the excessive hardness of the rock, the progress is necessarily slow. The men work day and night. After remaining two days at the coal-mines on the banks of the Lehigh, we returned home, much gratified with our visit. The mine which I have described is a mere speck in the mineral region of Pennsylvania. The coal-mines, which are chiefly anthracite, extend one hundred miles in length, and vary from ten to fifteen miles wide. The strata of coal vary in thickness, and alternate with sandstone, slate clay, and bituminous shale. The formations extend from N.E. to S.W., and the supply they afford of coal is beyond calculation. Public attention is directed to the best mode of conveying this mineral wealth to the principal cities. Its use for fuel, in houses, for steam-engines, and in the arts, is invaluable."

We shall only add the account of a remarkable pond:—

"In the northern counties of New Jersey are numerous marl-pits, formed by the decay and dissolution of fresh-water shells. Some are of great extent. A very singular one in the vicinity of Marksborough is called the Snow Pond. I. Thompson, Esq. politely went with me to view it. When seen at a distance, it appeared as if the ground was covered with drifts of snow, although it was in the month of August. On arriving at the spot, I found it was caused by innumerable small white shells,

which formed a border to a pond, three miles in circumference. The shells extended in many parts a hundred yards from the shore, and a cove which extended a mile was completely filled with them. Towards the centre of the pond the bank of shells declined suddenly to an unknown depth; many attempts had been made to fathom it; but without success. The shells are extremely minute, none of them more than three lines in diameter, and many one-third of that size. They appear like grains of sand. The quantity amounts to many thousand tons. Recent shell-fish of the same kind are no doubt living in the centre of the pond, but have not hitherto been noticed on the surface. No use is made of this immense deposit of shells, although a very pure carbonate of lime. A small dam thrown across one end of the pond was said to have been made by the heavers. There is more happiness in the world than people in general imagine! The inhabitants of these beautiful shells have enjoyed their mountain-lake from time immemorial—undisturbed by the ambition of man, they have lived, and enjoyed tranquillity!"

Demetrius, a Tale of Modern Greece; in Three Cantos: with other Poems. By Agnes Strickland, author of "Worcester Field," "The Seven Ages of Woman," &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 171. London, 1833. Fraser.

"THERE is a spell that dares us to forget," in the very name of Greece; and Miss Strickland is deeply imbued with the enthusiasm born of those forgotten days. She ought to write well on her subject, for she evidently feels it; and enthusiasm and feeling constitute that "divinest element" whence poetry emanates. But quotation will do more than criticism: let our readers judge for themselves.

"It was a lovely hour—the sun's last smile Lingered in purple light on Scio's isle: From fair Ionian shores the balmy breeze Sighed through the blooming vales and orange-trees, Whose breath is sweetest in the evening hour. The insect tribes had plumed their glittering wings By shady rivers and transparent springs: Some skimmed the bosom of the crystal stream, Some gaily sported in the sun's last beam; While others sought the blossoms of the night, Whose vells expand not till the closing light, And from the searching eye of glaring day Still shrink instinctively and turn away, Because their night-sunburns disclaim to be Gazed on so rudely and so ardently. The ocean murmured like a sleeping child; The heavens above were cloudless, blue, and mild; The earth beneath lay in such placid rest, As if angelic steps were there impressed; And perfume breathed from many a dewy flower, In grateful incense to that gracious Power Who on this world bestowed such bounteous care, And made creation's face so wondrous fair!

There is a voice of joy in Scio's isle, And Grecian beauty wears its brightest smile. Lo! for the dance the virgin train prepare, And weave triumphant garlands in their hair; For they approach—that more than sacred band Of patriot heroes, who have sworn to stand Victors or victims for their native land!

Hark! to the eager cry—' Their sails appear, In misty distance sped—and now more near. They come! they come!'—the females hear no more, But matrons, maids, and children seek the shore, In joyful haste to greet the expected brave, And laurel-boughs and snowy kerchiefs wave. But one is left of all that anxious train, Who speeds not to the beach, intent to gain The first sight of some dear one, absent long In sleep and battle with that gallant throng.

And she—that lonely lingerer—is *her* breast Less warm to love and glory than the rest Of Scio's maids, that thus, when all are gone To meet the patriot band, she sits alone In her own rose-bound porch, as if her heart In this overwhelming interest took no part? Is, then, the fair Ismena in this hour The only one who does not feel its power? Ah, no! the gathering tears that slowly rise In the dark light of those uplifted eyes, Those short deep sighs, the paleness of that brow, The fluttered heavings of that breast of snow,

The varying tints alternately that streak With pale or hectic hues that polished cheek— Those quivering lips no tale of coldness tell; In hearts like hers, ah! when did coldness dwell?"

We add another passage, full of beauty and music:—

"But now Demetrius gained the branching road That led to princely Castriot's proud abode, Whose polished columns might be plainly seen Through the long vistas of embowering green; Yet not on these Demetrius cast a look, But the lone path beside the river took; That dear familiar path, which oft his feet Had to the olive-grove at evening beat, In days of rapture past for ever by. When life's gay morn was fresh, and hope was high; And now again he treads it, there appears Nought to proclaim the interval of years, Or all the change and chances he has passed Since the last time amidst these scenes he roved. The river still, from its unfeeling source, Pursues the even current of its course; From the same spots the self-same willows dip Their pendulous branches, as if bowed to sip The crystal waters, which in shining tide Beneath their trembling shadows softly glide, Nay, in their wonted nooks, the very flowers, Remembered even from his boyish hours, From spring to spring still rear their silvery heads In placid beauty from their watery beds. The air is breathing its accustomed balm; The heavens are still as lovely, blue, and calm; And were it not that now the dewy sod Bears not a vestige that a foot has trod For years its verdure, he might deem all past Since he pursued that grass-grown pathway last, And gazed in musing silence on that stream, Was but a vivid and eventful dream. But now, once more he breathes the soft perfume Of those bright roses that profusely bloom In fair Ismena's garden, and entwine Around her latticed porch with jessamine And clasping tendrils of the clustered vine. His hand is resting on the wicket-latch Where he so oft has paused, a look to snatch Of the loved inmate, ere he dare intrude On the enchantment of her solitude. E'en now he pauses, and his eager eye Dwells on some object with intensity— That form, whose drooping head support has found Against a pillar, wreathed with roses round, O'er which and mingling with the blossoms there, Float the rich tresses of her bon hair, In glossy ringlets waving, unconfined, In playful dalliance with the summer wind, Should be his own beloved one; though her face Is shaded with her hand, the touching grace That marks her attitude, the forehead fair, The dark luxuriant locks, the pensive air, Denote Ismena; and but sometimes she, Across the lute that rested on her knee, Her half-unconscious hand at moments flings, And to uncertain music wakes the strings— And that he felt her presence in his heart— He could have deemed that Praxiteles' art Had, in his happiest mood, a figure made Of Contemplation musing in the shade, Which had from common gaze been hidden there For countless ages, as a relic fair."

From the minor poems we select two favourites:—

"The Life-Boat."

"The life-boat! the life-boat! when tempests are dark, She's the beacon of hope to the foundering bark! When, midst the wild roar of the hurricane's sweep, The minute-guns boom like a knell on the deep. The life-boat! the life-boat! the whirlwind and rain, And white-crested breakers, oppose her in vain; Her crew are resolved, and her timbers are staunch, She's the vessel of mercy—God speed to her launch! The life-boat! the life-boat! how fearless and free She wins her bold course o'er the wide-rolling sea! She bounds o'er the surges with gallant disdain, She has stemmed them before, and she'll stem them again!

The life-boat! the life-boat! she's manned by the brave, In the noblest of causes commissioned to save; What heart but has thrilled in the seaman's distress, At the life-boat's endeavours, the life-boat's success!

The life-boat! the life-boat! no vessel that sails Has stemm'd such rough billows, and weather'd such gales; Not e'en Nelson's proud ship, when his death-strife was Such true glory achieved as the life-boat has done!"

"Sweet Lavender."

"Sweet lavender! I love thy flower Of meek and modest blue, Which meets the morn and evening hour, The storm, the sunshine, and the shower, And changeth not its hue."

* This song has appeared in a volume entitled 'Patriotic Songs,' by Agnes and Susannah Strickland, dedicated by permission to the King."

In cottage-maid's parterre thou'rt seen, In simple touching grace; And in the garden of the queen, Midst costly plants and blossoms sheen, Thou also hast a place.

The rose with bright and peerless bloom Attracteth many eyes; But, while her glories and perfume Expire before brief summer's doom, Thy fragrance never dies.

Thou art not like the fickle train, Whom adverse fates estrange, Who in the day of grief and pain Are found deceitful, light, and vain— For thou dost never change.

But thou art emblem of the friend Who, whatso'er our lot, The balm of faithful love will lend, And, true and faithful to the end, May die—but alters not."

We cannot but point attention to the great melody of the versification in the principal poem; the heroic measure—at once the most difficult and the most expressive in the English language. How far this graceful little volume will succeed in thawing the ungenial atmosphere of the present prosaic time, we know not; but this we do say, that Miss Agnes Strickland deserves a laurel-wreath from King Otho himself. The attempt alone merits a high encomium, for it is of the highest order of composition; and though there are inequalities in the execution, it is altogether very honourable to female genius. By the by, we hold it a good sign of the young monarch's taste, that he should have fixed on Athens as his capital.

The Bengal Annual; a Literary Keepsake for 1833. Edited by David Lester Richardson. 18mo. pp. 352. Calcutta, Smith and Co.

Flowers of the East; with an Introductory Sketch of Oriental Poetry and Music. By Ebenezer Pocock. 12mo. pp. 215. London, 1833. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

WHATEVER may be the divided opinions touching a free trade in corn, there can be but one sense touching a free trade in literature:

"East, west, or north, we care not whither,"

so the wares be but various, and bear the stamp of their native origin. The first of the volumes mentioned above is a pleasant miscellany, whose oriental character entitles it to distinction amid the general family likeness of the *Annals*. There are many interesting tales, and some graceful poetry, among which we would notice with especial praise some spirited translations from the Hindostanee; and quote the end of a lively extravaganza by Mr. Parker. We have to premise that the gallant lover has been caught in the very act of serenading the fair prisoner, detained by the mountain chief.

"It was midnight—Kubbadar Cham sat at a solemn banquet with his chiefs and nobles. At the foot of the hall, dancing girls, beautiful as Artee, sweet as Urguja, driving away sorrow as the Ispund chases the evil Gins from the wedding chamber and the cradle, beguiled the time with murmured airs, delicate as the songs of the apasars, soft as the gush of the emerald fountains on Mount Meru. On the splendid carpets, intermingled with countless trays of porcelain and silver, stood vases of agate and crystal in golden receivers, where the delicate sherbets they held were cooled by heaps of sparkling snow—amongst those were the dainties which expand the soul of the nostrils, and give appetite to the heart of the mouth. There was the bawur of exquisite delicacy; the bayun, sacred to friendship in success; the crisp paupur, the chulghozee, the crimson soup habramat, so dear to the traveller in the caravanserais of Iran; delicious chillee,

with its pearls and curdy whig, happy Indian corn, the khair, fresh, fru- tab, hot, happi- kuleeah sn- snows of fo- forgotten, provoking rich with the kiask, the a dream Calif Hou- sad and si- He partoo- pillars; a- pesches, f- potatoes, sugared, with burn- a dozen be- as men d- certain of supply to jabs, hoo- after the for about prophet, r- been dish- making! What is the chiefs- found sala- he awoke answered taps. 'I before I ready for on the sou- lah! by V- their Mi- Salam A- It was m- hot, and every now clouds, w- confusion the fitul- ments aga- the heav- with a lo- rain-drop- plash. S- of the fo- garrison of a holl- tery, crow- had hurl- centre ro- pots of oi- On the s- Neelini a- as a dro- She, (with- desty) (fo- he, looki- dar Chan- Proudly a- and silks- pair of f- in front, elaborate three-cor- beautiful- nuckle to- eyes on

with its mingled eggs of rare birds shining like pearls and topazes; the excellent persee in its curdy whiteness, the luscious booter, and burgeel, happy in the fatness that invites taste, wrapped in the leaves of the vine and the Indian corn, and tempting the teeth. Nor was the khageener nor the pre-eminent eashikwa, fresh, fruity, and juicy; nor bowls of furat, thick and flavoured of nuts, nor the kuleenah sutfee, gleaming white and soft as the snows of the Himalayah on a misty morning, forgotten. Neither was the kamakh, spicy and provoking appetite, omitted; nor the narba, rich with pomegranate juice; nor that delicious kisak, the secret of which was first revealed in a dream to Sadi Kabaub, chief cook to the Calif Houran Alraschid. Kubbadar Cham sat sad and silent in the midst of this magnificence. He partook of nothing but a few curries and pillaws; a stew of kid, vinegar, garlic, prunes, peaches, figs, saffron, green ginger, and new potatoes, called chug; some sour cream, well sugared, powdered with cinnamon, and filled with burnt almonds and lemon peel, and half-a-dozen bottles of London porter. The rest ate as men do in a besieged fortress; that is, uncertain of the future, and wisely laying in a supply to meet the uncertainty. 'Chiefs, rajahs, hookahbursars, chams,' said the chieftain, after the bottle had circulated pretty briskly for about an hour, 'my harem—beard of the prophet, mustachios of Budh—my harem has been dishonoured by a scoundrel of a Feringhee making a lugubrious howling under the verandah. What is his doom?' 'Burn him,' responded the chiefs, with edifying unanimity and a profound salam. 'And Nealini, to whose renown he awoke this atrocious uproar?' 'Burn her,' answered the nobility, taking off their heeltaps. 'I had decided on it,' added the rajah, 'before I asked your opinion: see all things ready for execution by day-light to-morrow, on the south bastion over the river. Mashallah! by Vishnoo! the pale-faced dogs shall see their Mimms roast like a jungly kurgosh. Salam Alikoom, Ram Ram—good night.' It was morning. The air was at once raw, hot, and damp: a sort of tepid mist gushed every now and then from the black overlaid clouds, which rolled upon each other in massive confusion; occasionally one, hurried along by the fitful gusts, would be shattered into fragments against some darker and heavier rock of the heavens; and then awoke the thunder, with a long, low muttering, while a few larger rain-drops fell with a sounding and melancholy plash. Such is Bengal. On the south bastion of the fortress of Budge Budge most of the garrison were assembled, forming three sides of a hollow square. On the fourth was a battery, crowning the precipice over which Mimms had hurled the excellent Shakkabac. In the centre rose a vast pile of brushwood faggots, pots of oil, pitch, resin, and other combustibles. On the summit of the pyre stood the dark-eyed Nealini and the undaunted Mimms. She, bent as a drooping lily; he, erect as a forest oak. She, with her eyes downcast in terror and modesty (for she was unveiled before many men); he, looking thunder and lightning at Kubbadar Cham, at his army, at heaven and earth. Proudly stood the British hero, in white shorts and silks, a red coat and brass buttons, with a pair of tasty fringe epaulettes hanging well in front, a narrow tight white neckcloth, hair elaborately curled and powdered, a gold-laced three-cornered cocked-hat, and a pig-tail. His beautiful companion clung to him as the honey-suckle to the elm; now turning her large, dark eyes on his for consolation, then hurriedly

glancing around her in despair. Mimms, ever '*plus grand que le sort*,' now turned to comfort his partner in affliction, now to vent his wrath on the Hindoo chieftain. 'Be calm, sweetest—you particular pig! Suffocation is a trifle, and we shall be suffocated long before we are burnt. I wish I had your nose within reach of my thumb and fore-finger!—My beloved Nealini—you're not worth kicking!—even in this last hour—you baboon-faced blackguard!—I die happy, for you are by my side—may you be particularly—Ah, poor Bob!' said the major, to a sad and austere-looking creature, which, in the shape of an immense grey bird, with long white legs and a grizzled head, alighted on one corner of the pile, 'poor Bob! never more shall I give thee a cat to swallow, or a shoulder of mutton, or a box of calomel pills. By Jupiter! a thought strikes me! cling to me, Nealini; they fire the pile! cling to me for life, for life!' The smoke ascended through the brush-wood as Mimms caught Nealini in one arm, and, making a prodigious spring, clasped the adjutant round the neck with the other. The astonished bird, whose gravity and staidness of demeanour were infinitely disturbed by this unexpected embrace, suddenly betook himself to his wings, and staggering and fluttering, rose a yard or two in the air; but the weight of two human beings was unfavourable to this mode of progression. Says the adjutant to himself, 'I am not the rokh who carried Sinbad the sailor and a couple of elephants' so, as he had gone too far to 'fetch,' as sailors call it, the battlements of the fortress again, he let himself, gently fluttering, down to earth, breaking the fall of the two individual, who clung to him as though his broad, mighty wings were Mons. Lunardi's parachute, and not coming on terra firma with a thud and a thwack; but softly, and like a snow-flake on a rose-leaf. The beleaguering army shouted for joy at this novel and curious spectacle, and in a few minutes the happy and miraculously-preserved lovers were safe in the British camp. Kubbadar Cham saw that the prophecy was accomplished,—the eater of ham and the eater of jam, 'had' flown with wings from the precipice hard by the river.' He accordingly followed the most approved practice on such occasions—cut the throats of all his wives, threw all his little children into the wells, put on a pair of small-clothes well dyed with turmeric, and having swallowed an ounce or two of opium, rushed out on His Majesty's 120th foot, and the Hon. Company's 97th, or Tolly's Nullah Invincibles, who very politely received the chief and his followers on their bayonets. As for the hero and heroine of our tale, who does not recollect the parties of the accomplished Lady Mimms, at her mansion in Portland Place; her golden pawn-box, her diamond hookah, the emerald in her nose, and her crimson silk trowsers? Who does not recollect Gen. Sir Godfredo Mimms, K.C.B. with his side curls and his pig-tail, his no-shirt collar, and strangulation-looking white cravat, his orange-tawny visage, and his legs on the table? Frequently would this worthy couple relate the marvellous history of their escape from the fangs of the Hindoo chief; but, although it was generally submitted to with great magnanimity, in consideration of an excellent dinner, it was invariably received by the hearers as—*an Oriental Tale*.

In the way of paper, the *Bengal Annual* is rather a curiosity.

The *Flowers of the East* contains specimens of that rich and gorgeous poetry so coloured by

the clime and country where it had birth. The introductory sketch is both learned and amusing; we shall make some miscellaneous extracts, and cordially recommend the work to our readers.

Coincidence with Shakespeare.—"There occur not unfrequently among classic Persian authors, as well in prose as in verse, such force of poetic contrast, such strength and beauty of allusion, as seem to have formed the outshadings of the imagery of our immortal Shakespeare; thus Jamee, speaking of a childless old man;

'Being desirous, that when the gale had carried away his blossoms his tree might bear fruit;
But, seeing no prospect of future bearing, the tree of hope began to wither.'

So Shakespeare—

'A storm, a robbery,—call it what you will,—
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.'

The phrase, 'arkani doulat,' or 'nobles,' of Suidee, is literally Shakespeare's 'Pillars of the state.' Again, the following, from the author just quoted, participates in the ripened poetic beauty of the British bard:

'The dew-drops on the fresh verdure, as moist pearls strewed upon emeralds; the rose-bud, investing itself in armour, defended itself with spears; and the narcissus, awakened by the blaze of her golden head, like a nymph, arose from sleep; and the frighted blossom, peeping from under the leaves, unconsciously exposed her charms.'

Similar allusions to the following, abounding in Shakespeare, are completely the poetic *tour-nure* of Persic phraseology:

'My cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop.'

Curious Tradition.—"There is a tradition, that whosoever should attempt to sing the 'raug dheer pook,' will be destroyed by fire. The Emperor Akber, ordered Naik Gopal, a celebrated musician, to sing that raug; he endeavoured to excuse himself, but in vain. The emperor insisted on obedience. He therefore requested permission to go home and bid farewell to his family and friends. It was winter when he returned, after an absence of six months. Before he began to sing, he placed himself in the waters of the Jumna, till they reached his neck. As soon as he had performed a strain or two, the river gradually became hot; at length it began to boil, and the agonies of the unhappy musician, were nearly insupportable. Suspending for a moment the melody thus cruelly extorted, he sued for mercy from the monarch, but in vain. Akber wished to prove still more strongly the powers of this 'raug.' Naik Gopal renewed the fatal strain; flames burst with violence from his body, which, though immersed in the waters of the Jumna, was consumed to ashes! As a set-off to this, it must be known, that the effect of the 'maig mullar raug,' was immediate rain, and it is said that a singing-girl, by exerting the powers of her voice in this 'raug,' drew down from the clouds timely and refreshing showers on the parched plains of Bengal, and thus averted the horrors of famine from this paradise of regions."

Hatem.—"The Emperor of Constantinople having heard much of Hatem's liberality, resolved to make trial of it. For this purpose he dispatched a person from his court, to request a particular horse which he knew the Arabian prince valued above all his other possessions. The officer arrived at Hatem's abode in a dark tempestuous night, at a season when all the horses were at pasture in the meadows. He was received in a manner suitable to the dignity of the imperial envoy, and treated that night with the utmost hospitality. The next day the officer delivered to Hatem his message from

the emperor: Hatem seemed concerned.—‘If,’ said he, ‘you had yesterday apprised me of your errand, I should instantly have complied with the emperor’s request; but the horse he asks, is now no more; being surprised by your arrival, and having nothing else to regale you with, I ordered him to be killed and served up to you last night for supper.’* Hatem immediately ordered the finest horses to be brought, and begged the ambassador to present them to his master. The prince could not but admire this mark of Hatem’s generosity, and owned that he truly merited the title of the most liberal amongst men. It was the fate of Hatem to give umbrage to other monarchs. Numan, King of Yemen, conceived a violent jealousy against him, on account of his reputation, and thinking it easier to destroy than surpass him, the envious prince commissioned one of his sycophants to rid him of his rival. The courtier hastened to the desert where the Arabs were encamped. Discovering their tents at a distance, he reflected he had never seen Hatem, and was contriving means to obtain a knowledge of his person, without exposing himself to suspicion. As he advanced, deep in meditation, he was accosted by a man of an amiable figure, who invited him to his tent: he accepted the invitation, and was charmed with the politeness of his reception. After a splendid repast, he offered to take leave, but the Arab requested him to prolong his visit. ‘Generous stranger,’ answered the officer, ‘I am confounded by your civilities, but an affair of the utmost importance obliges me to depart.’ ‘Might it be possible for you,’ replied the Arab, ‘to communicate to me this affair, which seems so much to interest you? You are a stranger in this place; if I can be of any assistance to you, freely command me.’ The courtier resolved to avail himself of the offer of his host, and accordingly imparted to him the commission he had received from Numan. ‘But how,’ continued he, ‘shall I, who have never seen Hatem, execute my orders? Bring me to the knowledge of him, and add this to your other favours.’ ‘I have promised you my service,’ answered the Arab; ‘behold, I am a slave to my word. Strike,’ said he, ‘uncovering his bosom; spill the blood of Hatem; and may my death gratify the wish of your prince, and procure you the reward you hope for. But the moments are precious; defer not the execution of your king’s command, and depart with all possible expedition: the darkness will aid your escape from the revenge of my friends. If to-morrow you be found here, you are inevitably undone.’ These words were a thunderbolt to the courtier. Struck with a sense of his crime, and the magnanimity of Hatem, he fell down on his knees, exclaiming, ‘God forbid that I should lay a sacrilegious hand upon you. Nothing shall ever urge me to such baseness.’ At these words he quitted the tent, and took the road again to Yemen. The cruel monarch, at the sight of his favourite, demanding the head of Hatem, the officer gave him a faithful relation of what had passed. Numan in astonishment cried out, ‘It is with justice, O Hatem, that the world reveres you as a kind of divinity. Men, instigated by a sentiment of generosity, may bestow their whole fortune; but to sacrifice life, is an action above humanity.’ After the decease of Hatem, the Arabs, over whom he presided, refused to embrace Islamism; for this disobedience, Mahomet condemned them all to death, except the daughter of Hatem, whom he spared on

* “The Arabians prefer the flesh of horses to any other food.”

account of her father’s memory. This generous woman, seeing the executioners ready to perform the cruel command, threw herself at the prophet’s feet, and conjured him either to take away her life or pardon her countrymen. Mahomet, moved with such nobleness of sentiment, revoked the decree he had pronounced, and, for the sake of Hatem’s daughter, granted pardon to the whole tribe.”

Many and excellent works have lately come under our notice illustrative of India, ancient and modern; but, we do not know when our attention has been more forcibly attracted than by a series of sketches published by Miss Roberts in that very excellent miscellany the *Asiatic Journal*. Light, animated, and graphic, they describe manners and people with spirit; and scenery with a tone of poetical feeling which alone can do justice to the magnificent and eastern world. We hope she will be induced to collect them in a volume—and a delightful one it will be. A poem also by Mr. Pote, the author of the poem of the *Assassins*, has struck us as another extremely rich and appropriate ornament to the same journal.

Memoirs of the Court of Charles I. By Lucy Aikin. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1833. Longman and Co.

FOLLOWING up her interesting career as a historical writer, Lucy Aikin has here produced one of those episodes belonging to our national annals which add to the importance of facts elaborated from many a source, all the charms which are usually found in the inventions of fiction. The period of the first Charles has been so often investigated, and so thoroughly discussed by the political partisans who succeeded to the principles of those by whom the tragic drama was carried on and consummated, that it would be a waste of repetition on our parts to enter upon any of the political topics which have been so warmly controverted. Suffice it to say, that from family and other papers long hidden from the public view, new lights are ever and anon shed upon the actors and proceedings of that time; and that, without delving too deeply into them, our intelligent author has wrought the whole into one of those agreeable narratives for which her pen is so justly popular. Of this, perhaps, we cannot afford a better example than what is furnished by her second chapter, where she casts a *coup d’œil* over the state of England at the accession of Charles.

“James I. had received the kingdom of England from the hands of his illustrious predecessor, rich in resources of every kind—the accumulation of five and forty years of a wise, frugal, and vigilant administration. The union of the British crowns in his person, though it brought little direct addition to the wealth of England, was yet an accession highly conducive to its internal strength and tranquillity, and eventually to its general prosperity; and whilst the heedless prodigality of this prince had impoverished the crown, by the alienation of lands or the anticipation of its other principal sources of independent revenue, his profound peace of two-and-twenty years had afforded to his subjects leisure and ample facilities for the acquisition of wealth and the culture of every art by which human life is supported and adorned; and the active genius of the people had largely availed itself of these advantages. Weary of the monotony and stagnation of a pacific court, the enterprising spirits of the time, both under Elizabeth and James, had eagerly thrown themselves into voyages of discovery, which had sometimes indeed dege-

nerated into mere buccaneering expeditions against the Spanish settlements in the new found regions of the West; but of which the general and ultimate results were of inestimable importance in promoting, together with the extension of trade, the progress of knowledge and of civilisation. The same spirit of adventure had guided English prowess in the track opened by the Portuguese to the shores of Hindostan, and impelled English travellers to explore by land the kingdoms of western Asia. It was about the close of the reign of Elizabeth that the learned Hackluyt was enabled thus to sum up, with becoming pride, the results of all the missions of discovery and commerce sent forth either under the immediate auspices of the queen, or those of the trading companies established by her. ‘Which of the kings of this land before her majesty had their banners ever seen in the Caspian sea? Which of them hath ever dealt with the Emperor of Persia as her majesty hath done, and obtained for her merchants large and loving privileges? Who ever saw before this regiment an English lieger in the stately porch of the grand Seigneur of Constantinople? Who ever found English consuls and agents at Tripolis in Syria, at Aleppo, at Babylon, at Balsara, and which is more, who ever heard of Englishmen at Goa before now?

What English ships did heretofore ever anchor in the mighty river of Plate, pass and repass the unpassable, in former opinion, strait of Magellan, range along the coast of Chili, Peru, and all the backside of Nova Hispania, further than any Christian ever passed, traverse the mighty breadth of the South sea, land upon the Luzones in despite of the enemy, enter into alliance, amity, and traffic with the prince of the Moluccas and the isle of Java, double the famous Cape of Bona Speranza, arrive at the isle of Santa Helena, and last of all return home most richly laden with the commodities of China, as the subjects of this now flourishing monarchy have done?’ During the reign of James all the marts of trade here indicated continued to be frequented with increasing diligence, and additional ones were opened. The woollen cloths of England, as well as its tin and its copper, were now bartered for the gold and raw silk of Persia; an intercourse was opened with the Great Mogul; and English ships maintained on the coast of Coromandel a carrying trade of sufficient importance strongly to excite the jealousy of the Portuguese. The first attempts at colonisation in the New World, of which Raleigh was the leader, had failed; in fact, at the end of the sixteenth century England was not yet possessed of a single foreign settlement, but since that period prosperous plantations had been formed on various points of the North-American coast.”

“The progress of luxury in dress, diet, furniture, and decorations of every kind, had fully kept pace with the extension of commerce and the increase of national wealth. In the article of court-dresses, especially those of men, the extravagance was such as no succeeding times have attempted to emulate. King James, amongst his other weaknesses, had a childish admiration of what was then called *bravery*. His favourites could scarcely, by their utmost efforts, satisfy his demands upon them for splendour and variety in their personal decorations; and the common phrase of a man’s ‘wearing his estate on his back,’ hyperbolical as it sounds in modern ears, could scarcely be called an exaggeration at a time when a court suit of the Duke of Buckingham’s was estimated at 80,000*l*. In their state entertainments the tables of the great groined under

lofty piles of dishes of massy silver, replenished with the most delicate as well as substantial viands, the cost of which was enhanced by a wonderfully elaborate art of confectionary, and by the lavish use of ambergris, and sometimes of musk and other scents to fume and flavour the meats and wines.

"Foreign artists of considerable eminence were employed to paint walls, staircases, and ceilings, with figures and arabesques, and collections of pictures began to be formed. Fine carving and gilding was bestowed on various articles of furniture; and with such profusion were the richest materials brought into use, that state beds of gold and silver tissue, embroidered velvet, or silk damask fringed with gold; silk carpets from Persia; toilets covered with ornamental pieces of dressing plate; tables of massive silver richly embossed with figures; and enormous cabinets elaborately carved in ebony, became the familiar ornaments of the principal mansions. Inigo Jones, with taste matured by a second residence in Italy, had begun to supply designs of edifices, both public and private, in which the Greek or Roman style, in its purity and beauty, had superseded the incongruous mixtures of his earlier works; and King James, purposing to commit to him the task of rebuilding the ancient palace of Whitehall, had already caused him to execute the only part of the building which was ever completed—that noble banqueting-house, on the ceiling of which Rubens afterwards painted the apotheosis of the monarch. The art of sculpture could scarcely be said to exist in the land. Tombs and monuments executed by mere masons and stonecutters, and gaudily bedecked with colours and gilding, marked the miserable declension of this branch since those ages when the arts and artists of Rome had found free entrance as followers in the train of her religion. But the deficiency was felt, and steps had already been taken for enriching the country with a store of those immortal models bequeathed to the world by Grecian antiquity. The Earl of Arundel, the earliest and greatest of English collectors, was eagerly prosecuting his inquiries after the remains of ancient art both in Europe and Asia; and the splendid Buckingham, whether from genuine taste for these objects, or from that passion for every kind of magnificence which sometimes assumes its semblance, trod zealously in his footsteps. Sir Thomas Roe, when at Constantinople, acted as a kind of factor to both these noblemen for the discovery and purchase of marbles, coins, and other curiosities; and some interesting details on these matters are supplied by his correspondence. It appears that an extremely skillful and enterprising agent had been sent out by the Earl of Arundel specially to explore the continent and islands of Greece, and the shores of Syria and Lesser Asia; the fruits of whose labours were no less than 200 pieces of sculpture. The researches of Sir Thomas Roe on behalf of the Duke of Buckingham, were extended by means of consuls, Greek priests, and other agents, from Smyrna to Prusa, Troy, and Pergamus; to Sinope on the Euxine; and zealously prosecuted along the coasts of Thessaly, and at Delphi, Delos, Corinth, Thebes, Athens, Sparta, and many other Grecian cities and islands; and a splendid collection seems to have been the result of these efforts.

Roe was likewise commissioned to procure Greek manuscripts of the Scriptures and the Fathers for King James and Archbishop Abbot, but he met with fewer objects of this nature than he had hoped; it was, however,

through his hands that the celebrated Alexandrian manuscript of the Old and New Testament was transmitted by Cyril, Patriarch of Constantinople, to Charles I. The ambassador collected coins and medals on his own account, a catalogue of which he sent to that prodigal but accomplished woman, Lucy, Countess of Bedford, accompanied with a dissertation, which could only be addressed with propriety to a respectable proficient both in numismatic science and the Latin language. A slight sketch of the state of literature will suffice to mark the important station which it now occupied in the general system of life and manners. Not in England alone, but throughout lettered Europe, knowledge had been long perceived by men of sagacity to be in a progressive and improving state. In the works of Acontius, a man of abilities and various learning, who wrote under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, the following striking observation occurs:—"I am aware that my lot is cast in an age of very great cultivation; yet I am not so much awed by the judgments which now appear to rule, as alarmed at the rising lights of an age of still greater cultivation which I anticipate." "I believe," says Bayle, in commenting on this sentiment, "that the sixteenth century produced a greater number of men of learning than the seventeenth, yet the former age was not nearly so enlightened as the latter. During the reign of criticism and philology several prodigies of erudition appeared throughout Europe. The study of the new philosophy and of modern languages having introduced a different taste, that vast and profound literature was no longer seen; but, on the other hand, a finer taste has been diffused over the republic of letters, attended by a more accurate discernment. Men are now less learned and more able." In conformity with these remarks, it is evident, that at the period of Charles's accession a lively curiosity after new and various knowledge had begun to take place in England of that exclusive devotion to the ancients which had prevailed from the time of the revival of letters; that few men aimed at distinction by emulating the cumbrous erudition of the founders of modern scholarship; and that general information began to be more prized than what is technically called learning. We find it affirmed, that few works of merit appeared in any country of Europe which were not speedily clothed in an English dress. . . .

"Female education, in the higher class, appears to have shared in the extension given to the objects of liberal pursuit. . . .

"The progress of society was fast leaving behind the manners and institutions of the feudal ages.

"From this survey of the commerce, the arts, the luxury, the literature, the education, and the manners of the age," the author, having entered into many particulars too long for quotation, observes, "we may certainly conclude the general state of the country at the accession of Charles I. to have been highly prosperous and rapidly improving. To its felicity, however, an important alloy was found in the abuses which had crept into the administration of justice and every other department of civil government, through the rapacity and corruption of men in power, and the arbitrary spirit of the prince, which inclined him to disdain the limits of law and the control of parliament; and also in the oppression to which large bodies of peaceable subjects were exposed through the operation of unjust and cruel laws enacted for the enforcement of religious conformity. From many signs and

tokens, sagacity might have predicted, that whatever might be the personal qualities of the successor of James I., it was on conflicts between the maxims of passive obedience in church and state, and the rising spirit of civil and religious liberty amongst a moral and enlightened people, that the historic interest of his reign and the crisis of his fate must turn."

Without going into any other portion of these volumes, their spirit may be judged even from the few insulated extracts within our power to offer; and we shall only add, that all the passages which relate to the munificent patronage of literature and the arts, and their consequent progress till the fatal distractions of the country threw them into the grave of puritanism and faction, are replete with interest, and throw a melancholy lustre over the troubled life and martyr-death of this hapless One of the accomplished and unfortunate race of Stuart monarchs.

As a vivid picture of the time of Charles the First, excellent in grouping and finished in detail, no reader, "or young or old," can study a more eligible production than we have here so inadequately described.

Soap-Bubbles; or, the Lyrics of Robert Olden.

Now first Collected. Cork, 1853.

MR. OLDEN, it appears, is a manufacturer of palm-soap and poetry, of verses and shaving-oil, who has devoted his existence to facilitate and render delightful the operation of shaving, and whose Muse celebrates his triumph. The *Soap-Bubbles* blown by Mr. Olden, no doubt originally to puff off his inventions, when concentrated, really form one of the most amusing collections of poems that has of late come under our observation; and, moreover, Olden's *Lyrics* are peculiarly recommended to our notice by a bottle of his Eukeirogeneion, or shaving-oil, which they enveloped. Now it is wonderful how soothing an easy shave is to a bristling critic; and, therefore, it becomes us freely to confess, that after a dip of our shaving-brush into "this highly concentrated detestive vegetable oil," our mind had a dip amid the *Soap-Bubbles* of fancy, with a strong prepossession in favour of the manufacturer of such apparently uncongenial articles as soap and song.

Without further preface, we will proceed to un-Cork Mr. Olden, and let the bards of Rowland's Macassar or Warren's Matchless match him if they can.

The first lyric we alight upon is devoted to the praise of palm-soap; from this we must content ourselves with the following verse as a sample:—

"A crown was awarded—I forget what book it is in—
To the Roman who saved but the life of one citizen:
To purchase new life you'll not grudge, I should hope,
To lay out half-a-crown on Olden's famed soap."

"A song by Strepson, in the pastoral style of Shenstone," is quite refreshing, as the Cockneys say:—

"My Chloe, at all times divine,
Of late with fresh loveliness blooms;
Her eyes with more brilliancy shine,
Her cheek double lustre assumes.
'Sure the loves,' I exclaimed, 'by some wile
You've bewitched to that face to elope.'
'Ah, no!' she replied with a smile,
'I but wash it with Olden's palm-soap.'"

But it is the Eukeirogeneion verses that delight us; they are so evidently written *con amore*, and must have been composed by Mr. Olden with a strong lather on his chin—"Plurima mento canities," as Virgil phrases it:—

"From Laurence Sterne we soon may learn
That writing prose or verse, sir,

The man must shave, who'd have his stave
More juvenile and tamer;
Thus, bards than Homer more at home are—
Parnassus or Pelion
They need not seek, who shave the cheek
With Eu-keiro-genion."

We will, however, quote two of the songs entire, to give an idea of this most extraordinary collection. The first, to the tune of "Ballynefad;" the other, which is a perfect hurly-burly of words, to the tune of "Oh! Moses:"—

"Eukeirogenion
When'er I lay eye on,
I firmly rely on
A capital shave;
And as for the water,
'Tis not a pin matter
From whence derivatur,
The well or the wave.
This Poluphloisboto,
The lasses with joy, O,
Will see men employ, O,
In shaving each day.
To old faces, in truth,
'Twill impart bloom and youth,
And December, forsooth,
Will transform into May.
The name of this bottle
Would pose Aristotle,
It sticks in my throttle,
But lather away;
To chins 'tis a pleaser,
To bristles a teaser,
And sharpens a razor
Like hone from Lough Neagh!
Should I shave off a pinple,
By process most simple
'Tis changed to a dimple
Instead of a wound:
The efficacious styptic
Within the clypeus
For faces elliptic
Can never be found.
Compare Day and Marlin,
Their blacking a cart in,
With Olden, for sartin,
'Twould be a great sin;
They are downright Galloots,
Little better than brutes,
Who would rank shoes and boots
With a cheek or a chin.
And some liquid polish
Is so vitriolish
'Twould leather demolish,
'Tis much to be feared;
But this Greek unction, true,
Our old skins will renew,
And make e'en a Jew
Bid adieu to his beard."

And now for a piece of wanton revelry in rhyme, which must immortalise Olden; for it is probably not surpassed by any thing similar in our language:—

"For good-humoured faces, Cork once beat all places,
How altered the case is, more a *thruu* *uavroon*!"
By politics now are contracted each brow, or
Every nose turned up sour, like a dog with a bone;
Then Olden, beholding
Young and old in a scolding
Match joining, the whole din resolved to assuage:
In he pops, the state props
With soap drops, fast as hops,
Lathering chops, ill-blood stops, and all dire party rage.
Thus Peter of Russia, with razor and brush a,
Once made a great fuss a, his subjects to shave,
He smoothed their manners, like hides scraped by
tanners,
Wherever his banners triumphant did wave.
Then at home, let us try on
Each phiz low and high on
The Eukeirogenion of Olden so rare,
Catholic or Brunswicker,
By this liquor will quicker
Cease to bicker, though thicker than pigs in a fair.
An old witch seized Asmodeus, a devil most odious,
And did for his abode use a bottle so frail,
But Olympian sweet vapours, condensed for chin-
scrappers,
Olden bottled, like capers, or smart Burton ale.
Let this drug aid, your rugged
Old mug it, so smug it
Will look, the maids hug it, and tug it both ways;
Then you sooty, muzzled brute, I,
In truth, I will mute eye
With wonder your beauty, when you shave but three
days."

* We believe an Irish expression of grief: Mr. Olden has given us no explanation.—*Ed. L. G.*
† Pronounced in Ireland *sou-er*.—*Ed. L. G.*

We cannot spare room for further quotations. Among the benefactors of mankind, Ude and Olden appear to us to be worthy associates. Each are single-purposed men, and each have devoted the energies of an ingenious mind, and the unwearied study of years, to increase the enjoyments of life; for, next to a good dinner, a good shave is, perhaps, the greatest bodily comfort; and Ude and Olden have respectively felt themselves called upon to make known to the public, by means of the press, the results of their experience. Ude has published his admirable volume on cookery, and Olden now sends forth his prismatic bubbles to attract attention to his soaps and lotions. Seriously speaking, we should not do our duty, if we neglected to notice Mr. Olden's verses. Many are the dozens of volumes that come before us in the course of the year filled with infinitely inferior "poetry;" and, dispensing even-handed justice to the productions of all who claim our notice, it would be unfair to allow the playfulness, ease, and originality of Mr. Olden's rhymes to escape without commendation. We, therefore, cordially recommend them to the attention of our readers, ladies as well as gentlemen, with the bottle of Eukeirogenion which they envelope, especially to tourists and the frequenters of watering-places, at this season of the year, as Olden's soapy-oil of the hard Greek name washes equally well with hard as with soft water; and we are assured, that "to sea-bathers it is an indispensable article," for "a few drops on a sponge with fresh water will, from its affinity for salt, remove its effects on the skin, and prevent sun-burning."

We are not often ourselves guilty of committing rhyme, but as Mr. Olden has given us some reason to doubt if we could exceed him in facility, we will merely, for the sake of experiment, take our leave of him, and express our good wishes towards him in rivalry of his jingle:—

Then Olden, may gold in
Your pocket be told in,
Nor lazily doled in,
To pay for your toil,
'Till your carriage you're roll'd in,
Your Muse to embolden,
And every shop sold in
We find your famed oil.

Ireland. Ignorance. "Repeal." 8vo. pp. 20. London, 1833. Ridgway.

It is out of our power to notice many of the numerous pamphlets which periods of political excitement, or of the agitation of important questions, call into being; but the title, and not less the contents, of this brief *brochure* have attracted our notice, and we feel disposed to direct the attention of the public to it. Its chief object is to enforce the necessity of making it criminal to agitate the Repeal of the Union, which the author contends is alone sufficient to destroy the vigour, and ultimately effect the ruin of Ireland. He also recommends, and with good shew of reason, two under secretaries for Ireland; one of them permanent, as in the Secretary of State's offices. Of the style in which he argues his points, we shall offer an example in the extraordinary description of the present representatives of Ireland:—

"It is (he says) useless to devise remedies for the evils afflicting Ireland, as long as the 'Repeal Question' is discussed; it must be set at rest and for ever: no matter at what cost, no matter at what hazard;—already there are in the House of Commons thirty-three pledged repealers, about twenty of whom have perjured themselves in swearing to qualifications which

they did not possess. It may be alleged, that little danger can arise from the repealers, when it is considered that, with the exceptions of O'Connell and Sheil, all the repealers in the house are men of profound ignorance, and notorious incapacity; many of them insolvent, and not a few of infamous character. But here is the great danger,—the power of the priests, the weakness of the landed proprietors, have been proved; and there is great danger that at the next general election, men of talent and education may be found whose finances are low, whose principles are lax, and who may wish to protect their persons and advance their interests by entering parliament as repealers. It is a great mistake to suppose that the priests and the poorer freeholders are not perfectly aware of the weakness of their delegates; they know it perfectly well, and they despise their wretched tools; in most instances, they exerted themselves to procure respectable representatives who would vote for the repeal of the union; but failing in this, they elected the men who now contaminate the House of Commons."

In the same uncompromising tone, the author boldly and broadly accuses Mr. O'Connell of instigating his followers to commit murder:—he says,

"The writer is conscious that so heavy an imputation as an incitement to murder ought not to be made lightly; but he could easily prove his accusation. Mr. O'Connell called on the electors of the Queen county to put the names of the voters against the people on the chapel doors, and to 'mark' them, (the very phrase used by the county of Limerick murderers). He gave the same advice to the electors of Dungarvan, in a speech which appeared in a Waterford paper last summer. In the 'True Sun' newspaper, last September, in a letter headed 'Blood, blood, blood,' various minute directions are given as to how murder may be safely committed. In less than a week after the publication of this paper, murder was committed in the county of Cork, according to the rules laid down in this letter signed Daniel O'Connell."

"Ought (he continues) this state of society to continue? Ought not a remedy to be instantly applied? So long as the 'Repeal Question' is agitated, it is silly to hope for tranquillity in Ireland; the bonds of society have been loosened, the relation of landlord and tenant destroyed, agriculture injured, commerce paralysed; the mass of the people, stimulated by O'Connell and such of the priests as are leagued with him, regard the gentry as their enemies; the gentry are forced to retire in large numbers from the country, because, although they are libelled if they depart, they are murdered if they remain. But the strongest motive for quashing the Repeal question is, that it is the only one which can by any chance unite the two rebel factions, and consolidate the physical strength of the country; and although the chances are against such a junction, still there is a chance, and the evils are so tremendous, and so obvious in such a case, that no risk ought to be encountered."

What a problem is this unhappy Ireland!

Bridgewater Treatises, No. IV. The Hand, its Mechanism, and Vital Endowments, as evincing Design. By Sir Charles Bell, K.G.H., F.R.S.L. and E. 8vo. pp. 288. London, 1833. Pickering.

WITH the present treatise we have arrived just half-way through what may be called the

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Bridgewater octave of authors.* The tone of each is different, though, of course, on the whole harmonious; and, like the notes of the octave when not properly tuned, they run imperceptibly into each other. We will not, however, reiterate our objections to the scheme; but address ourselves to the individual treatise before us. Habits of observation, and the power of accumulating and accurately individualising facts, are frequently found unjoined with the faculty of generalisation, and of extracting from the heap of materials and phenomena conclusions fitted to form the stepping-stones to future investigations. The former belongs to memory and attention, the latter to reason and judgment. It is no detraction from Sir Charles Bell's merits to say, that, though an excellent anatomist and physiologist, he is but a poor logician. His treatise, though on the whole valuable and interesting, is hardly such as might have been anticipated from his pen. Instead of discussing the mechanism and vital endowments of the hand as evincing design, it may rather be termed a treatise on the comparative anatomy of that organ; or we might even go farther, and say, that it is an attempt to prove (successful as far as it goes) that every part of every animal is admirably adapted to the purposes it subserves, and the necessities it is required to supply. To point out these adaptations is certainly an object of the highest interest: to prove their existence we conceive to be quite superfluous. What possible use can there be in arguing that we see because the eye is adapted to the light, and light to the eye, and the converse of this? And yet Sir Charles goes farther still, and most ingeniously reasons in a circle. He first begs the question, and then proves it. He says:

"All I contend for is, the necessity of certain relations being established between the planet and the frames of all which inhabit it; between the great mass and the physical properties of every part; that in the mechanical construction of animals, as in their endowments of life, they are created in relation to the whole, planned together, and fashioned by one mind."

Who questions it? We would ask the author, is it not self-evident? Could these frames exist at all without the co-existence of relations between them and the planet which they inhabit? The point which we conceive our author ought to have endeavoured to establish is this—Can we, assuming the existence of these adaptations, predicate in each individual instance the highest conceivable degree of excellence? The co-existence of two objects in any certain relation to each other is *pro tanto* a proof of their adaptation.

Although we dispute the excellence of Sir Charles's general plan, we must award our approbation to its details. They are interesting and precise, without running into prolixity on the one hand, or obscurity on the other. The following is a fair specimen of his style of illustration:—

"There is inconsistency, and something of the child's propensities, still in mankind. A piece of mechanism, as a watch, a barometer, or a dial, will fix attention—a man will make journeys to see an engine stamp a coin, or turn a block; yet the organs through which he has a thousand sources of enjoyment, and which are in themselves more exquisite in design, and more curious both in contrivance and in mechanism, do not enter his thoughts; and if

he admire a living action, that admiration will probably be more excited by what is uncommon and monstrous, than by what is natural and perfectly adjusted to its office—by the elephant's trunk than by the human hand. This does not arise from an unwillingness to contemplate the superiority or dignity of our own nature, nor from an incapacity of admiring the adaptation of parts. It is the effect of habit."

With these remarks we cordially agree. What is constantly presented to our view escapes our attention; novelty, however trifling, awakes our curiosity.

In tracing in the lower animals those organs intended as substitutes for the hand, our author is at once at home. "We recognise (he observes) the bones which form the upper extremity of man, in the fin of the whale, in the paddle of the turtle, and in the wing of the bird. We see the same bones, perfectly suited to their purpose, in the paw of the lion or the bear, and equally fitted for motion in the hoof of the horse, or in the foot of the camel, or adjusted for climbing or digging in the long-clawed feet of the sloth or bear."

He then proceeds to the consideration of the muscles of the upper extremity. His chapter on the substitution of other organs for the hand is highly interesting: the organ of prehension in fish is remarkable.

"The habits of some fishes require that they should cling firmly to the rocks, or to whatever presents to them. Their locomotive powers are perfect; but how are they to become stationary in the tide or the stream? I have often thought it wonderful that the salmon or the trout, for example, should keep its place, night and day, in the rapid current. In the sea, there are some fishes especially provided with means of clinging to the rocks. The lump-fish, *cyclopterus lumpus*, fastens itself by an apparatus, which is on the lower part of its body. The sucking-fish, *remora*, has a similar provision on its back. It attaches itself to the surface of the shark, and to whatever is afloat; and, of course, to the bottoms of ships. The ancients believed it capable of stopping a ship under sail; and Pliny, therefore, called it *remora*. We must admire the means by which these fishes retain their proper position in the water without clinging by their fins or teeth, and while they are free for such efforts as enable them to seize their food. The apparatus by which they attach themselves resembles a boy's sucker: the organ being pressed against the surface to which the creature is to be fixed, the centre is drawn by muscles in the same manner that the sucker is drawn with the cord, and thus a vacuum is made."

The organs of tactual sensibility in the lower animals are thus described:—

"By anatomical investigation and experiment, I, some years ago, discovered that the sensibility of all the head and of its various appendages resulted from one nerve only of the ten which are enumerated as arising from the brain, and are distributed within and around the head; and, pursuing the subject by the aid of comparative anatomy, I found that a nerve corresponding to this, which is the fifth nerve in man, served a similar purpose in all the lower animals. In creatures which are covered with feathers or scales, or protected by shell, this nerve becomes almost the sole organ of sensibility. It is the development of this nerve which gives sensibility to the cirri which hang about the mouths of fishes, and to the palpa of the crustacea and insects. It is the same nerve which supplies the tongue, and is the organ of its exquisite sensibility to touch, as well as of

taste. In some animals, especially in the reptiles, the tongue, by its length and mobility, becomes a substitute for these external appendages. We might have noticed before, that the tongue is an organ of prehension as well as of touch. With it the ox gathers in the herbage; and in the giraffe it is rather curious to observe, that as the whole frame of the animal is calculated to raise the head to a great height, so is the tongue capable of projecting beyond the mouth to an extraordinary extent, to wrap round and pull down the extreme branches of trees. The whiskers of the feline quadrupeds possess a fine sensibility through branches of the fifth nerve, which enter their roots. Birds have a high degree of sensibility to touch in their mouths. In ducks, and all that quaffer with their bills under water, the sense is very fine; and we find, on dissection, that a branch of the fifth nerve, remarkably developed, is distributed on the upper mandible. Animals feel in the whole of their external surface; and we may say that serpents, by coiling themselves round a body, have the organ of touch all over them. Still, the fifth pair of nerves in the head, or the nerve analogous to it, is the main instrument of touch in the greater number of animals where extremities are wanting. There are organs varying in their conformation, sometimes delicate palpa, sometimes horny rods, and these are often possessed of muscularity as well as sensibility; but to all, the sense of touch is bestowed through a nerve corresponding with the fifth pair, the nerve of the tongue and lips, and of the muscles of the jaws in man."

The following remarks, on the sensibility to pain of the several parts, are acute and judicious, and serve to shew that what we would rashly deem an evil is a positive good:—

"The sensibility to pain varies with the function of the part. The skin is endowed with sensibility to every possible injurious impression which may be made upon it. But had this kind and degree of sensibility been made universal, we should have been racked with pain in the common motions of the body: the mere weight of one part on another, or the motion of the joint, would have been attended with that degree of suffering which we experience in using or walking with an inflamed limb. But, on the other hand, had the deeper parts possessed no sensibility, we should have had no guide in our exertions. They have a sensibility limited to the kind of injury which it is possible may reach them, and which teaches us what we can do with impunity. If we leap from too great a height, or carry too great a burden, or attempt to interrupt a body whose impetus is too great for us, we are warned of the danger as effectually by this internal sensibility, as we are of the approach of a sharp point or a hot iron to the skin."

Our next extract, being a remarkable case quoted by Sir Charles from the great Harvey, is a striking illustration of the tactual insensibility of the heart:—

"A noble youth of the family of Montgomery, from a fall and consequent abscess on the side of the chest, had the interior marvellously exposed, so that after his cure, on his return from his travels, the heart and lungs were still visible and could be handled; which when it was communicated to Charles I., he expressed a desire that Harvey should be permitted to see the youth and examine his heart. 'When,' says Harvey, 'I had paid my respects to this young nobleman, and conveyed to him the king's request, he made no concealment, but exposed the left side of his breast, when I saw a cavity into which I could introduce my fingers and

* We are still in arrears, however, the conclusion of our review of Chalmers.—Ed. L. G.

thumb; astonished with the novelty, again and again I explored the wound, and first marvelled at the extraordinary nature of the cure, I set about the examination of the heart. Taking it in one hand, and placing the finger of the other on the pulse of the wrist, I satisfied myself that it was indeed the heart which I grasped. I then brought him to the king, that he might behold and touch so extraordinary a thing, and that he might perceive, as I did, that unless when we touched the outer skin, or when he saw our fingers in the cavity, this young nobleman knew not that we touched the heart!"

The illustrative woodcuts are good; though we are puzzled to find out either their relation or adaptation to the subject. We might instance the Satyr dancing a young Faun on his foot (page 15), and Cupid and the Centaur (page 106).

England and the English.

[Fourth and concluding Notice.]

WE return, agreeably to our promise, to Mr. Bulwer's able work, in order to bid it formally farewell; though the public voice, since we first recommended it to notice, has rendered such valediction unnecessary, by amply confirming the favourable opinion we ventured to express of its very superior intelligence and talent.

It will be remembered that our praises were not bestowed on every part of these volumes without some deductions. For example, though it gives force and piquancy to argument, we object to personal illustrations, as at pages 62 and 147-8, vol. i. and elsewhere. In the second volume, the castigations bestowed on worthless slanderers, who use the press as an instrument for defamation and extortion, are justly merited; but almost below the hand which administers them. It were indeed well that the anonymous cowards and rogues who supply this staple were dragged from their dark holes and exposed to infamy; then would many a secret assassin be scouted from society even more justly than any of the better-known vagabonds who lend themselves to the base traffic. For it ought ever to be held in remembrance, that the tool, however contemptible, with which scoundrels work, is not so vile as the scoundrels themselves. Any person notorious, known, and responsible for published scurrilities, lies, and calumnies, is but half a blackguard, when contrasted with the hidden ruffians who want the courage of the bravo, and only use him to stab friend or foe anonymously in the dark.

Mr. Bulwer's remarks on the state of the drama will be read with much interest; and his essay on the philosophy of the day is full of excellent matter. An illustration of the fallacy of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" principle, strikes us as being peculiarly happy. "In the dark ages (the author says some one remarked to him) it would have been for the greatest happiness of the greatest number to burn the witches; it must have made the greatest number, (all credulous of wizardry,) very uncomfortable to refuse their request for so reasonable a conflagration; they would have been given up to fear and inquietude—they would have imagined their safety disregarded and their cattle despised—if witches were to live with impunity, riding on broomsticks, and sailing in oyster-shells;—their happiness demanded a bonfire of old women. To grant such a bonfire would have been really to consult the greatest happiness of the greatest number, yet ought it to have been the prin-

ciple of wise, nay, of perfect, (for so the dogma states,) of unimpeachable legislation? In fact, the greatest happiness principle is an excellent general rule, but it is not an undeniable axiom."

In truth, even as a practical axiom, it is nothing but a truism until we can get mankind to agree upon the point of what the greatest happiness really consists.

As the subject of the National Gallery has again come under discussion this week, we quote what the author has said respecting that subject:—

"Individual patronage in England is not at this time advantageous to high art: we hear artists crying out for patronage to support art; they have had patronage enough, and it has crippled and attenuated art as much as it possibly could do; add to this that individual patronage leads to jobbing; the fashionable patron does every thing for the fashionable artist. And the job of the Royal Academy at this day claims the National Gallery as a jobbing appendix to itself! Sir Martin Shee asks for patronage, and owns in the same breath, that it would be the creature of 'interest or intrigue.' But if it promote jobbing among fashionable artists, individual patronage is likely to pervert the genius of great ones—it commands, it bows, it moulds its protégé to whims and caprices; it set Michael Angelo to make roads, and employed Holbein in designs for forks and salt-cellar. No! individual patronage is not advantageous to art, but there is a patronage which is—the patronage of the state, and this only to a certain extent. Supposing there were in the mass of this country a deep love and veneration for art or for science, the state could do nothing more than attempt to perpetuate those feelings; but if that love and veneration do not exist, the state can probably assist to create or impel them. The great body of the people must be filled with the sentiments that produce science or art, in order to make art and science become thoroughly naturalised among us. The spirit of a state can form those sentiments among its citizens. This is the sole beneficial patronage it can bestow. How is the favour of the people to be obtained? by suiting the public taste. If therefore you demand the public encouragement of the higher art and loftier science, you must accordingly train up the public taste. Can kings effect this—can individual patrons? They can at times, when the public taste has been long forgoing, and requires only development or an impetus; not otherwise. It has been well observed, that Francis I. a true patron of art, preceded his time; he established patronage at the court, but could not diffuse a taste among the people; therefore his influence withered away, producing no national result; fostering foreigners, but not stimulating the native genius. But a succession of Francis the Firsts, that is, the perpetuating effect and disposition of a state, would probably have produced the result at last of directing the public mind towards an admiration of art; and that admiration would have created a discriminating taste which would have made the people willing to cultivate whatever of science or art should appear amongst them. * * * It is not to produce a few great men, but to diffuse throughout a whole country a respect and veneration for the purer distinctions of the human mind, that I desire to see a state bestowing honours upon promoters of her science and art; it is not for the sake of stimulating the lofty, but refining the vulgar, mind, that we should accustom ourselves to behold rank

become the natural consequence of triumphant intellect. If it were the custom of this country to promote and honour art and science, I believe we should probably not create either a Newton or a Michael Angelo; but we should by degrees imbue the public mind with a respect for the unworldly greatness which yet acquires worldly distinction (for it is the wont of the commercial spirit to regard most those qualities which enable the possessor to get on the most in the world); and we should diffuse throughout the community a respect for intellect, just as, if we honoured virtue, we should diffuse throughout a community a respect for virtue. That Humboldt should be a minister of state has not produced new Humboldts, but it has created throughout the circles around him (which in their turn act upon general society) an attention to and culture of the science which Humboldt adorns. The King of Bavaria is attached to art: he may not make great artists, but he circulates through his court a general knowledge of art itself. I repeat, the true object of a state is less to produce a few elevated men than to diffuse a respect for all principles that serve to elevate. If it were possible, which in the present state of feeling must be merely a philosophical theory and suggestion, to confer peerages merely for life upon men of eminent intellectual distinction, it would gradually exalt the character of the peerage; it would popularise it with the people, who would see in it a reward for all classes of intellect, and not for military, legal, and political adventurers only; it would diminish, in some respect, the vulgar and exclusive veneration for mere birth and mere wealth, and though it would not stimulate the few self-dependent minds to follow art or science for itself, it would create among the mass, (which is a far more important principle of the two,) that general cultivation of art and science which we find is ever the consequence of affixing to any branch of human acquirement high worldly rewards.

"A minister was asked why he did not promote merit: 'Because,' replied the statesman drily, 'merit did not promote me!' It is ridiculous to expect honours for men of genius in states where honours are showered upon the men of accident;—men of accident, indeed, amongst us especially,—for it is not to be high-born alone that secures the dignified emoluments of state, but to be born in a certain set."

Mr. Bulwer ably contrasts the rewards and honours showered upon literary and scientific men in every continental state, with the nigardly countenance, or rather discountenance, evinced towards them in liberal and enlightened England. Airy, Babbage, Brewster, and Herschel, enjoy two knighthoods, and 700*l.* a-year officially amongst them; while in France Cuvier was a baron and peer with nearly 2000*l.* a-year in offices.—Thénard, a baron and peer with 1276*l.*—Gay Lussac, a professor, &c. of several institutions, with 1616*l.*—and Poisson, a baron with above 1000*l.* Two years ago, these four enjoyed between five and six thousand pounds annually; with houses, distinctions, and a position in the kingdom equally gratifying to themselves and beneficial to the public service.

To the author's criticisms on the fine arts, we are not disposed to pin our faith. A man of his intelligence cannot go far wrong in generals; but we think he evidently wants a practical knowledge and insight into the details of this branch of his inquiry.

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with that artist's slow and sure means of producing excellence; and of "Challond" (quare Chalou, p. 218) mentioned as an eminent architectural draughtsman, we never heard. The compliment to E. Landseer, and also to Wilkie, however, is very felicitously expressed, and we copy the tribute with pleasure:—

"He reminds us of those metaphysicians who have given animals a soul. He breathes into the brute world a spiritual eloquence of expression beyond all literary power to describe. He is worth to the 'Voice of Humanity,' all the societies in England. You cannot gaze on his pictures and ill-use an animal for months afterwards. He elevates your sympathies for them to the level of human interest. He throws a poetry over the most unpoetical; nay, he has given a pathos even to 'a widowed duck'; he is a sort of link to the genius of Wilkie, carrying down the sentiment of humane humour from man to man's great dependant family, and binding all creation together in one common sentiment of that affection whose wisdom comprehends all things. Wilkie and Landseer are the great benevolists of painting; as in the quaint sublimity of the Lexicon of Suidas, Aristotle is termed 'the Secretary of Nature, who dipped his pen in intellect,' so each of these artists may be called, in his several line, the Secretary also of Nature, who dips his pencil in sympathy; for both have more, in their genius, of the heart's philosophy than the mind's."

How could our esteemed author conclude such a sentence in such an inelegant manner—"the mind's!"

But we must bring our review to a close. The characters drawn and put up as signposts towards the close of Vol. II. are very clever. The exhibition of the inferior members of the aristocracy very severe—the politics of the same school; and the proposition to make a Country Party, we fear, an ideal plan. Could it be realised, we cordially agree with Mr. Bulwer that—

"Economy should be the first principle of such a party; but not at that point should its duties be limited. It is from a profound knowledge of the character of the people to whom legislation is to be applied, that statesmen should legislate. I have said, in my first book, that the main feature of your character is industry; industry, therefore, should be supported and encouraged. I have said next, that the present disposition of the aristocratic influence weakens and degrades you; that disposition should be corrected and refined. I have said, thirdly, that a monarchy is your best preservative from entire deliverance to the domination of brute wealth and oligarchical ascendancy; the monarchy should be strengthened and confirmed. I have said, again, that an established church preserves you from fanaticism and the worst effects of your constitutional gloom; an established church should be jealously preserved; mark me, its preservation does not forbid—no, it necessitates its reform. I have said that a material and sordid standard of opinion has formed itself in the heart of your commercial tendencies; and this standard, by organised education, by encouragement to that national spirit which itself gives encouragement to literature, to science, and to art,—by a noble and liberal genius of legislation, we ought to purify and to exalt. This last object neither Whig nor Tory has ever dreamt of effecting."

"I know (he continues) that some imagine that a good government should be a weak government, and that the people should thus sway and mould it at their will; you cannot

have a weaker government than at present, and I do not see how you are the better for it! But you, the people, do not away a feeble government—I should be delighted if you did; for the people are calm and reasoning, and have a profound sense of the universal interest. But you have a false likeness, my dear friends: a vile, hypocritical, noisy, swaggering fellow, that is usually taken for you, and whom the journalists invariably swear by,—a creature that is called 'The Public;' I know not a more pragmatical, conceited animal than this said Public. You are immortal, but the Public is the grub of a day; he floats on the mere surface of time; he swallows down the falsest opinions; he spouts forth the noisiest fallacies; what he says one hour he unsays the next; he is a thing of whims and caprices, of follies and of frenzies. And it is this wrangling and shallow pretender, it is the Public, and not the People, that dictates to a feeble government! You have been misled if you suppose a strong government is necessarily hostile to you; *coercive* governments are not *strong* ones; governments are never strong save when they suit the people, but a government truly strong would be efficient in good; it would curb arrogance as well as licentiousness."

As we set out by saying, we need not repeat a recommendation of this work. High as the author stood before in public estimation, and in other classes of literature, it will raise him still higher; and generations will pass before his *England* and the *English* is not referred to as a performance of standard mind and value.

Library of Romance, Vol. VII. Tales of the Caravanseraï. The Khan's Tale. By James Baillie Fraser, author of "The Kuzzilbash," "Highland Smuggler," &c. London, 1833. Smith and Elder.

A PICTURESQUE and very eastern story, full of hair-breadth 'scapes, battle, murder, and sudden death, all arranged by one evidently quite at home with the materials which he employs. The heroine, Guleyaz, is a beautiful and spirited creature, and in good contrast to the more timid and yielding Leilah; while the hero is as brave and as much in love as any reader of romance could desire. We have spoken of hair-breadth escapes, and cannot do better than give one of them.

"After a laborious progress of a mile in distance, they observed the earthly walls diminish in height, as the level of the upper ground descended towards that of the great Sahrah; and at length they issued forth from the singular water-course, upon a damp plashy plain, in some places as white as snow, in others glimmering with the water on its surface through the lurid twilight. The gusts of the storm swept chilly and fearfully along the surface of this waste, which, utterly salt and barren, has obtained in Persia the appellation of *kuever*, or salt desert; a term at all times associated with melancholy and desolation—sometimes with dread and superstitious horror; for the issue of a mountain-torrent renders it, in some places, so marshy and unsound, as to be extremely dangerous; and whole caravans might be engulfed in its quicksands; while, on the other hand, the accidents which frequently occur to travellers have, according to popular tradition, been attributed to the ghouls and demons, who are said to infest such spots to lure the children of Adam to destruction. Already, as the anxious party emerged upon this dangerous ground, did they feel their horses sinking over the fetlocks; their snortings betraying the instinctive dread they felt of

the unsound soil. But confident in their guide, who appeared perfectly acquainted with all its intricacies, all followed him with scrupulous exactness; at times keeping close by the foot of the slope, at others, threading their way further out in the plain,—but always pressing on with great rapidity. Thus had they proceeded for the better part of a fursung, the wind whistling in more furious gusts around them, and the clouds each moment swallowing up more and more of the hills—when a fierce blast swept keenly from the high ground they had left, bringing with it a dense snow-shower, which burst upon them in unmitigated bitterness. 'Small is our luck, to-day, friend dervesh, it seems,' said the khan, after biding for awhile the pelting of the drift;—'if this snow-storm sets well in, we must smell our road to the caravanseraï.' 'The snow that blinds the eyes is bad,' responded the dervesh; 'but the sands are worse that mislead the feet, for they shift, and some skill is requisite, even to a guide, and in day-light—but *inchallah*! I know the flows well—and God is great! there is but one spot.' 'Ay, there is—that at the Kara Bulagh.' 'Thou hast said it, Ruhmut Khan; you know the place well, and all its dangers; what need to disguise them from thee?—thou art wise—but God is great!' 'Inchallah, inchallah!—enough—on we go; the place can't be half a fursung hence; and half-an-hour will tell us the worst—bismillah!' Pursuing their course over ground of a similar character—for other path there was none—experiencing frequent alarms from their uncertain footing, and receiving many unwelcome warnings of weariness from their beasts, our travellers at length reached a spot where the rough ground, before described as skirting the hills, ran fairly down to the kuveer, without either slope or fall, and overhung it in a precipitous face of 150 feet in height. In the loftiest part of this bank there was a chasm, resembling that by which they had descended from the high ground, penetrating further backwards than the eye could reach. It was also the bed of a rivulet, scarcely larger than the former one; and at the mouth of this the dervesh made a pause. 'Look after your people,' said he quietly to the khan—'watch my steps;—nothing here can be discovered except by actual trial,—and that I will make myself.' With these words he at once pressed his unwilling horse towards a point, where the little rill spread over the smooth sand, and striking him with the stirrup-irons, forced the animal forwards, in spite of its obvious reluctance. But scarcely had it made three steps forward, when its fore-legs sunk under it, and it fell floundering forwards on its chest. 'Allah! Allah!' exclaimed his companions. 'The quicksand has shifted,' said the firm, distinct voice of the dervesh.—'Back—back, all of ye—you cannot help me, but may perish uselessly with me, or accelerate my end;—try nearer the foot of the cliff;—I am just in the tail of it here.' The horse made frantic efforts to disentangle itself, but in vain—the hind-legs had broken the deceitful crust of sand, and every plunge deepened the fatal bed it was fast making. 'Punah be khodah!' exclaimed the khan, throwing himself from his horse, 'we are not to lose him thus!—Here, man,—here dervesh, lay hold of this matchlock—we'll have you clear, if I die for it.' 'Trust to Allah!' said the dervesh, composedly. 'Keep back, and throw me a cloak;—none of you approach, as ye value yourselves or me.' By this time the dervesh had scrambled on the back of the horse, which rapidly sinking, and uttering fearful groans, or rather shrieks and snortings,

could now scarcely move, and offered a momentary but steady support to its rider's foot. He had thrown off his own ragged mantle, and caught the ghoulam's joozbah, which, as the readiest vestment, was thrown towards him. Folding his own, he then flung it forwards in such a manner as that it fell flat upon the treacherous sand; then springing from the back of the ill-fated horse, he lighted on the slender support, which sustained him until in like manner he had sent the ghoulam's garment some three yards further in advance. With the same vigorous agility, he leapt next upon this, and another rapid bound placed him safe on firm ground upon the other side of the flow. All was executed with the speed of thought, so that the travellers might almost have fancied they saw some spirit of the air bounding along the dangerous surface of the kuveer, superior to the petty risks that affect the safety of frail mankind. 'Barikillah! well done, dervish, by the soul of my father! Would we could all do the like, this poor brute included—but it is all over with him.' And so, in truth, it was; for scarcely had the dervish made his retreat from its back, than, irretrievably entangled in the heavy quicksand, and incapable of effectual exertion, it seemed to abandon itself to its fate. A convulsion once or twice shook the trembling sand, even to the feet of the bystanders; the head was once more tossed upwards; a last groan issued from the labouring chest; the wide nostril was distended by the last breath; the body sunk rapidly into the half-liquid soil; and in another moment, the head itself, falling lifeless on the sand, disappeared beneath it, leaving not a vestige to mark the spot of the catastrophe.

We think Mr. Fraser is somewhat profuse in his oriental exclamations, though a few of them certainly give character to the scenes—but he must remember that your novel-readers are a generation who dislike trouble, and some of these pages need a glossary.

A Journey to Switzerland, and Pedestrian Tours in that Country; including a Sketch of its History, and of the Manners and Customs of its Inhabitants. By L. Agassiz, Esq. late of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines. 8vo. pp. 288. London, 1833. Smith, Elder, and Co.

WHOEVER may be about to perambulate those portions of the German Alps, &c. which Mr. Agassiz traversed a-foot, will find his particular details very useful; though for general reading they are very dry. About fifty pages conduct us, via Paris, to Lausanne, of course without novelty; and, between sixty and seventy more, present us with a sketch of the history of Switzerland. Three pedestrian tours, and the journey back to England, complete the volume, from which, as we cannot effectively extract any part of the locomotive descriptions, we shall content ourselves with taking an anecdote of a M. Droz, an ingenious mechanic of Chaux de Fond, about the middle of last century. Of this M. Droz, Ebel relates the following story:—

"Being at Madrid, he exhibited to the King of Spain a clock, upon which were figures of a shepherd, a dog, and a negro. The shepherd played six airs upon his flute, the dog in the mean time approaching and caressing him. The king expressed his admiration of this, when M. Droz replied, that the gentleness of his dog was but the least of his good qualities. If, he added, your majesty will deign to touch one of the apples in the basket by the side of the shepherd, his dog will evince his fidelity

also. The king did so, when the dog flew at his hand, and barked so loudly, that a living dog, which was in the room, gave tongue; and the courtiers, with the exception of the Minister of Marine, hastily left the room, not doubting that M. Droz was a sorcerer. The king, who, of course, was in the secret, desired the Minister of Marine to ask the negro what o'clock it was. He did so, and obtained no answer. M. Droz informed him, that, as the negro was ignorant of Spanish, the question should be asked in French. The minister asked it accordingly, and the negro answered, so much to the consternation of the minister, that he, too, took to flight, vowing that it was the work of no one but the devil."

Tales and Novels. By Maria Edgeworth.

No. XVI. *Patronage and Dramas*, Vol. III. London, 1833. Baldwin and Cradock.

THIS volume concludes the longest and best of Miss Edgeworth's novels; and never was more skill displayed than in the art with which every circumstance is made "to point the moral, and adorn the tale." To appreciate Miss Edgeworth, we must compare her with her contemporaries:—who, now-a-days, could go back upon the stilted romance of Mrs. Radcliffe, or the rapid sentimentality of Lady Morgan? but to these pages we refer with renewed delight, and feel absolute gratitude for the convenient and elegant edition now before us. By the by, much praise has been bestowed on a happy phrase of Béranger's; but the original of his "infiniment petit" is to be found in an expression of Lord Oldborough's, where he speaks of the "infinitely small mind of the Duke of Greenwich."

Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Scotsmen, from the earliest Period to the present Time, in Alphabetical Order, &c. &c. By R. Chambers. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 600. 1833. Glasgow and Edinburgh, Blackie and Son; Dublin, Curry, jun.; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

PURSUING his useful course, and one not only so grateful to his native land, but so full of interest to the whole intelligent world, Mr. Chambers has now given us a second volume towards his design of a complete Scottish Biographical Dictionary. Great pains appear to have been bestowed on the work. The engraved portraits are of much merit; and the biographies explored and expressed with all the author's well-known diligence and facility. This volume concludes with the name of Count Anthony Hamilton, and has many memoirs of uncommon attractions.

British America. By John McGregor, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Second Edition. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

THE words "Second Edition" are worth a world of critical panegyric in the recommendation of a work to the public; and we are well pleased to see them prefixed to these volumes, which by their intelligence and ability have so well merited the distinction. We are well pleased, because the sense of readers has responded to the opinion we ventured to give upon the value of Mr. McGregor's labours. By reference to the *Literary Gazette* of last year, Nos. 790 and 814, (pages 148 and 534,) it will be seen how highly we estimated the standard and authentic information here accumulated, and advised all those interested in having a true knowledge of British America, its statistics, its politics, its relations, and its prospects, to consult these pages, which would

amply content them on every subject to which they could wish to direct inquiry. We have now only to repeat our praise.

Natural History; or, Uncle Philip's Conversations with the Children about Tools and Trades among Inferior Animals. Pp. 213. New York, 1833. J. J. Harper.

A CURIOUS and delightful little manual of natural history; a study of all others productive of innocent enjoyment and rational investigation. There is an ample supply of pictures; and we have no doubt that Uncle Philip will be as popular as his amusing and instructive Conversations well deserve to be.

The Assurance of Faith; or Calvinism identified with Universalism. By the Rev. D. Thom, of Bold Street Chapel, Liverpool. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1833. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE doctrine maintained by the author caused him some years ago to be repudiated by the Kirk of Scotland as a heretic, and led to much polemical controversy. He has here, at length, expounded his opinions; the chief of which is, that all the human race will be ultimately saved and exalted to a divine nature. It is not for us to enter upon the subject; and we have only to mention, that the reverend gentleman has, we are told, a numerous congregation of adherents in Liverpool.

A Translation of the Epistles of Clement of Rome, Polycarp, and Ignatius; and of the Apologies of Justin Martyr and Tertullian; with an Introduction and brief Notes, illustrative of the Ecclesiastical History of the first two Centuries. By the Rev. Temple Chevalier, B.D., &c. 8vo. pp. 502. Cambridge, 1833, Deighton; London, Rivingtons.

A GOOD and complete translation of these early fathers cannot but be most acceptable to every clerical reader; and, indeed, to every one who desires to have a clear view of the establishment of the Christian church. To all such we commend this volume, which shews us a period and the primitive men who flourished in it, as they were, and not as controversy often misrepresents them to us.

Commentaries on Ireland. The Cloncurry Prize Essays. By W. Stanley. 12mo. pp. 331. Dublin, 1833. Milliken and Son; London, Ridgway.

A LITTLE volume containing more real information respecting Ireland, legislative, statistical, commercial, agricultural, and general, than we have met with elsewhere—even in works of ten times the pretension and extent. The author shews himself to be a man of sound ability and discretion.

Goethe's Posthumous Works. Vols. VI. to X. THE second portion of Goethe's posthumous works has rapidly succeeded the publication of the first. If these new volumes contain nothing equal to the second part of Faust, we find here a greater diversity than in their precursors. The contents are divided into five parts: criticism, poetry, biography, aphorisms, and natural history. We must observe, that this second portion, like the first, has many things that have been already printed.

The last volume offers a considerable number of criticisms on foreign literature and popular poetry. Goethe speaks with much feeling respecting Byron.

Goethe promised himself much from Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*. He committed his expectations to writing; but we do not learn

what he felt when he found them, for the most part, disappointed. Of himself he observes on this occasion, that he, who was twenty years older than Scott, had, exactly in his twentieth year, been personally introduced to Paoli, and in his sixtieth to Napoleon.

Miller's Modern Acting Drama; consisting of the most popular Pieces produced at the London Theatres, subject to the provisions of the Dramatic Copyright Act. No. I. Nell Gwynne; or, The Prologue. No. II. The Housekeeper; or, the White Rose. London, 1833. J. Miller.

THESE dramas deserve quite as much to be read as to be seen. Every other sentence is an epigram; and the pointed antithesis and the happy simile

"Brighten the way with starry dust."

How neat are the following! The old counsellor asks, "Hast thou no gratitude? and is not love the same?"—*Nell*. Oh, dear, no! gratitude is a snow-ball; love is a fire; make 'em meet, and they kill one another."

Dryden.—"He soars and flatters with equal genius. Such poets are like the snake in Indian mythology: they not only fly, but creep."

Those of our readers who have seen *Nell Gwynne* will remember how well the lighter piquancy of Miss Taylor contrasts with Kebley's rougher taunts:—

"*Nell* (*sings*). "Buy oranges!" Ladies and cavaliers, vouchsafe to look at my basket! Maidens, ripen my fruit with your glances; buy my oranges, as bright as hope, and as sweet as courtship. Though they look as hard as gold, they'll melt in the mouth like a lover's promise. Their juice is syrup, and their coats as thin as a poet's. Buy, gentlemen; or I'll vow that, being jealous, you hate yellow even in an orange. (*goes up*).—*Moll*. What pert minikin's this, with its lavender slip-slop?—*Better* (*aside*). It is—I'd swear to her face—the very girl!—*Char*. (*coming down with Nell*). And have your oranges really all these virtues?—*Nell* (*aside*). So, my gallant mercer. All, and a thousand more;—there's nothing good that may not be said of the orange. It sets special examples to elder brothers, misers, and young travellers.—*Char*. Ay? What example to elder brothers?—*Nell*. This: though of full age, it dwells quietly on the same branch with bud and blossom.—*Char*. What doth it teach misers?—*Nell*. That golden coats should cover melting hearts.—*Char*. And, lastly, what may the young traveller learn of your orange?—*Nell*. This much: that he is shipped when green, that he may ripen on the voyage.—*Char*. Prettily lectured.—*Moll*. Prettily! well, before I'd talk such snip-snip, as though my mouth was a button-hole cut in French muslin, I'd go in-mourning for my tongue, and sew up my lips with black worsted!"

We wish Mr. Jerrold a long and prosperous course; his productions evince great variety of talent—and, the surest sign of talent, it promises still more the more it performs.

The Prospects of the Nation in regard to its National Gallery; including a Reply to Mr. Wilkins, the Architect of the "intended Buildings," &c. &c. By C. Parser, Architect. Pp. 76. London, 1833. Cochrane and McCrene; E. Wilson.

A CAUSTIC and able pamphlet, by a brother architect, on the Grecian sottises of Mr. Wilkins; but as the job of that gentleman seems, from what passed in parliament last Monday, to have been knocked on the head, Mr. Parser's observations will be chiefly valuable for

their applicability to future plans for the due and fitting establishment of the fine arts in the metropolis. We trust, now that the sense of government and the public is awakened to the subject, we shall have no fantastic buildings; but a gallery worthy of a great nation, and eligible for the reception of the noblest productions of sculpture and painting.

Herne Bay Guide. Pp. 88. Chapple.

A GUIDE to this rising watering-place, not very correctly written, but, with a map, &c., well enough, we presume, to instruct the passengers per steamer what they will see and find at Herne Bay and in its vicinity. We have a great mind to try, some of these days; and then we should be competent to criticise a volume of such importance to the place and to the Isle of Thanet.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XLV.: Europe during the Middle Ages, Vol. I. London, 1833. Longman and Co.

A MOST entertaining and instructive volume, full of interesting historical and personal sketches of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, picked out of the records of a thousand years. We cannot open it without being induced to proceed: it is a work to make the young love the reading of history.

Tales from Chaucer, in Prose; designed chiefly for the use of Young Persons. By C. C. Clarke. 12mo. pp. 323. London, 1833. Wilson.

WITH fourteen nice woodcuts, a very laudable design, and very judiciously carried into effect. Till those years arrive, and that information is stored up, when the poet may be enjoyed in his native state, these Tales may well serve to afford an idea of his matter, and inspire a wish for his future perusal.

The Animal Kingdom Described and Arranged in conformity with its Organisation. By the Baron Cuvier. With additional Descriptions, &c. by Edward Griffith, F.L.S., and others. Part XXXVI. London, 1833. Whittaker.

THIS part continues the *Articulata*. It contains an excellent supplement to the class *Crustacea*, principally taken from the French of Latreille, and replete with much interesting information relating to those palatable articles, the crab, the lobster, shrimp, prawn, &c.

The Encyclopædia of Romance. Vol. I. Nos. I. and II. Conducted by the Rev. Henry Martineau. London, 1833. G. Henderson.

A VERY amusing miscellany; containing a various and well-chosen selection of tales, by both native and foreign authors. We observe that translations from the German, French, &c. are promised. A plan likely to be popular if well executed.

The Geology of the South-East of England. By Gideon Mantell, F.R.S. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 415. London, 1833. Longman.

MR. MANTELL has here presented us with a perfect view of the geology of the county of Sussex,—a district possessing peculiar interest to the geologist, from the numerous organic fossil remains found in its strata, in which the author himself discovered the *Iguanodon* and *Hylasaurus*: the former of them a monstrous reptile, which must have been of the average length of seventy feet,—dimensions perfectly astounding, considering the comparatively small

size of our largest animals. The latter was discovered in the summer of last year. Mr. M.'s account is clear and distinct.

The Analyst. No. I. London, 1833. Chapple. ANOTHER contemporary, apparently a stiff and logical fellow, who attacks his subjects, useful ones, sturdily and sententiously. He is a liberal in politics, and a utilitarian in all else.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE. THE CITY ARMS.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

MR. EDITOR,—Among the numerous popular errors which exist on various subjects, I believe there is none more prevalent than the supposition that the sword, or dagger, in the arms of the City of London, was added to commemorate the valour and achievement of Sir William Walworth in defence of Richard the Second, in 1381; and I think you will do good service to the public by inserting in your valuable publication the following extract from "Stow's Survey," (which was lately pointed out to me by an excellent antiquary and esteemed friend), shewing that a new city seal was made in the year previous to the above historical event, and which was in use in Stow's time, bearing the sword of Saint Paul.

Yours, &c. W. H. R.

"The old seal of the maioralty broken, and a new seal made. The arms of this city (London) were not altered, but remains as afore: to wit, argent, a plain cross gules, a sword of Saint Paul in the first quarter, and no dagger of William Walworth as fabuled."

"It hath also bene, and is now growne to a common opinion, that in reward of this service done by the said William Walworth against the rebel, that King Richard added to the armes of this cite, which was argent, a plain crosse gules, a sword or dagger (for so they terme it), whereof I have read no such record; but to the contrarie, I finde that in the fourth year of Richard the Second (1380), in a full assembly in the upper chamber of the Guildhall, summoned by this William Walworth, then maior, as well of aldermen, as of the common council in every ward, for certain affaires concerning the king, it was there by common consent agreed and ordained, that the old seal of the office of the maioralty of the cite being very small, old, unapt, and uncomely for the honour of the cite, should be broken, and one other new should be had. Which the said maior commanded to be made artificially and honourable for the exercise of the said office thereafter, in place of the other. In which new seal, besides the images of Peter and Paul, which of old were rudely engraven, there should be under the feet of the said images, a shield of the arme of the said cite perfectly graven with two lions supporting the same, and two sergeantes of armes in the other part, one, and two tabernacles, in which above should stand two angels, between whom (above the said images of Peter and Paul) should be set the glorious Virgine. This being done, the old seal of the office was delivered to Richard Odiham, chamberlaine, who brake it.

"This new seal seemeth to be made before William Walworth was knighted, for he is not there intitled Sir, and certain it is that the same new seal then made is now in use, and none other in that office of the maioralty, which may suffice to answer the former fable without shewing of any evidence sealed with the old seal, which was the crosse and sword of Saint Paul, and not the dagger of William Walworth."

THE HUNGARIANS.

THE Archives of History, Geography, Arts, and Literature, published at Vienna, contain the following particulars relative to the Hun-

garian traveller Alexander Csomo von Körös:—

"The celebrated traveller Csomo von Körös (otherwise called Köröschy), who went to Asia thirteen years ago, for the purpose of discovering the original seat of the Hungarians, his countrymen, wrote in April last year, from the East Indies, a Latin letter to Baron von Neumann, secretary to the legation in London, of which the following is the substance:—The traveller thanks his imperial highness the Archduke Palatine, and the estates of the county of Pesth, for the sum of money government remitted to him for the prosecution of his scientific discoveries. At first he hesitated to take this supply, partly because he was sufficiently supported by the English, who made good use of his knowledge, and wanted no farther assistance; and partly because he had not yet been able to do his countrymen any essential service with respect to the proper object of his journey (the discovery of the original country of the Hungarian nation). He afterwards gave up these scruples, and resolved to employ the money sent to him solely in the purchase of works in the Sanscrit language; and that because he had found the most striking affinity between that language and the Hungarian. He intends to send these books to Baron Neumann, at London, that they may in this way reach Hungary, and be placed at the disposal of those friends who sent him the means of obtaining them. Köröschy affirms that there are in these books many memorials of Hungarian antiquity, which would now be sought in vain in the former seat of the nation. 'There is no doubt,' he writes, 'that the interior of Chinese Tartary is the country in which the original seat of the Hungarians must be sought; and in that extensive country, and in Mongolia, the Tibetan language is predominant. I therefore feel myself happy in being acquainted with the language and literature of Tibet; for which I am indebted to the support of some generous Englishmen.* It is, indeed, my wish to return in a few years to my beloved country; but there is in the human mind an insatiable desire to discover truth. The object of my wanderings in Asia is, to discover the ancient abodes of the Hungarians, to observe the similarity that exists between several oriental languages and that of Hungary. Hitherto I have been able to do but little in the prosecution of this object. I have, however, found with pleasure that our language has a very close affinity with the Turkish, Mongol, Tibetan, and Sanscrit.' At the conclusion of his letter he requests permission to remain longer in Asia; and as he left his country without leave, he requests that a letter of protection (*litteræ salvo conductûs*) may be given him."

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations of Modern Sculpture. No. III. "THE great delay," observes a notice to subscribers, "which has occurred in the publication of the present number, has arisen from the anxious desire of the proprietors to do justice to the magnificent group of 'Michael and Satan,' which it contains." The subscribers ought most gratefully to acknowledge the value of a postponement that has produced the exquisite print in question; in contemplating which we hardly know whether most to admire the magnificence and vigour of Flaxman's composition, the fidelity and beauty of Corbould's

* He has published a Grammar and Dictionary of the language of Tibet, with explanations in English.

drawing, or the force and finish of Thomson's plate. The marble is at Petworth; and undoubtedly, to use Mr. Hervey's words, "is one of the noblest productions of the English school, and may take its undisputed place beside the finest specimens of the art, ancient or modern." The other plates in this number are, "Arethusa," from a statue in marble by Carew; and "Venus," from a statue in marble by Canova. We well recollect the former in an exhibition of Mr. Carew's works, which was mentioned some years ago in the *Literary Gazette*, with the admiration it was calculated to excite; and we are happy to learn that, under the noble and generous patronage of the Earl of Egremont, Mr. Carew is pursuing his professional studies at Brighton, and is "fast rising into valuable notice and deserved fame." Canova's "Venus" is well known as one of the most beautiful ornaments of Lansdowne House. We hope that this highly interesting publication of Mr. Hervey's continues to receive the encouragement to which it is so fully and legitimately entitled.

Skottska Vuen tecknade efter Naturen under en Resa i Skottland, an 1830. Af C. S. Graffman. Häftet IV. Stockholm, 1833. Gothstrom and Magnusson.—Scottish Views taken from Nature, during a Tour in Scotland in 1830.

HERE is the sixth livraison of a very beautiful and interesting work,—a collection of lithographed views of Scotch scenery, with appropriate letter-press, by a highly distinguished Swedish artist, whom we had the pleasure to meet when he was here two or three years ago. Mr. Graffman was induced to visit Scotland from the enthusiastic admiration with which the poems and tales of the late Sir Walter Scott had inspired him. He was received at Abbotsford very kindly, and explored the most interesting scenery of the Border in company with Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Lockhart, of whom he speaks with much gratitude. Furnished with a judicious route, he then wandered over the localities of the *Lady of the Lake* and the *Waverley Romances*; and the beauty of his paintings has produced, it seems, abundant patronage for the consequent publication now on our table. The views are really very striking, and happily selected. There is a breadth and gloom of effect about the *Glencoe*, in particular, that is truly admirable; and the various sketches of Abbotsford are charming things. We are pleased to see the interest which another nation takes in our literature reflected in this form, and think a limited importation of the work would be well received, if it were only for the curiosity of it, in this country.

Graffman's list of subscribers resident at Stockholm shews how largely British, and especially Scotch blood, has been engrafted on the Swedish stock in the course of the wars of Gustavus Adolphus. We have a (Greffae) Count C. Hamilton; a (Friher) Baron H. Hamilton, lord of the bedchamber to the king of Sweden; Whitelocks, Levens, Barclays, Airths, Rosslynns, &c. &c.; and last, not least, "Seaton, juris doctor."

We ought not to omit, that Mr. Graffman's paintings have all been purchased by his sovereign, and placed in his majesty's favourite residence of *Rosendal*, near Stockholm. This is much to the credit of Bernadotte.

The National Portrait Gallery. With Memoirs. Parts LI. and LII. Fisher and Co.

Or the six heads which ornament these two

numbers of the *National Portrait Gallery*, viz. "the Right Hon. Edmund Burke," "the Right Rev. Daniel Wilson, Lord Bishop of Calcutta," "the Right Hon. John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury," "the Right Hon. the Earl of Mulgrave," "James Brindley," and "the Right Hon. Viscount Combermere;"—those of Mr. Burke from the well-known picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Lord Mulgrave from a picture by H. P. Briggs, R.A. strike us as the finest.

Memorials of Oxford. Edited by the Rev.

J. Ingram. Nos. IX. and X. Tilt.

UNIVERSITY College and Balliol College are the subjects of these two numbers; and "the Front from the West," and "the larger Quadrangle" of the former, and "the Front" and "the Quadrangle" of the latter, are their principal embellishments. They are executed with the same unaffected clearness and simplicity by which this pleasing work has hitherto been characterised.

Portraits of the Principal Female Characters in the Waverley Novels. Parts IX. and X. *Landscape Illustrations of the Prose and Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* Parts XXII., XXIII., and XXIV. Chapman and Hall.

THESE two interesting publications, which were, indeed, intimately connected during their continuance, have been brought to a close together. "Beautiful were they in their lives, and in their deaths they are not divided." Of the landscapes in the concluding numbers, "Pew Castle," from a sketch by Lady Lucy Clive, "Kilchurn Castle," from a drawing by Copley Fielding, and "Basle," from a drawing by G. Barret,—and of the portraits, "Lucy Ashton," from a picture by W. Etty, R.A., and "Hermione," from a picture by E. T. Parris, are among the most striking.

Valpy's National Gallery of Painting and Sculpture. Part II.

IT is impossible to read the "opinions of the work" quoted in the first page of the present Part, without smiling at the exaggerated praise bestowed on the plates. As a catalogue *orné* it is a very pleasing publication.

Mrs. Stanhope. Engraved by Dean, from a drawing by A. E. Chalon, R.A. Bull. A HEAD full of feminine sweetness and delicacy. The embellishment of the *Court Magazine* for the present month.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

SIR, I enclose you a paper in the handwriting of the late John Philip Kemble, and as it contains a very curious and hitherto unpublished trait in his biography, you are at liberty to communicate it to your readers. Caroline Howard, the famous Mrs. Cornely's, was, at the period adverted to, much frequented as a debating society by persons of both sexes. Mr. Kemble could have been then but little more than two or three-and-twenty years of age; still his classical bias is quite evident in these very reserved delineations of himself. We have in them a unique specimen of the actor and critic in the same person. The manuscript, upon collation, I find to be undoubtedly in the handwriting of Mr. Kemble, and I received it some years ago from an actress of the old and good school, with the accompanying letter. I am, sir,

SIR,—I received the enclosed from Mr. Guinness himself, who assured me that it was the actual draft given to him by Mr. K. (previous to being sent to the different papers) for his approbation. Mr. G. practised afterwards with great credit at the Irish bar; and was very hospitable and kind to me in Dublin; has been dead, I believe, some years.

* We trust that a month or two of repose will enable us to give our readers a specimen of some curious original papers in our possession. The miscellany will, we anticipate, prove interesting.—Ed. L. G.

For the Morning Post.

We hear that the young man who distinguished himself so highly in closing the debate at Carlisle House, last Thursday evening, is a Mr. Kemble, of the Theatre Royal, in York. We hear Mr. Kemble is engaged with Mr. Colman for the summer, and hope (if it be true) to receive great pleasure from his performance, as he seems to have a very polished address and smooth voice, though it was much weakened by his apprehensions on a first rising in this assembly. Mr. Fielding was particularly pleasant on the reviewers.

*For the Whitehall.
To the Editor.*

Sir, — I hear many people strongly condemn the meetings of Carlisle House, La Belle Assemblée, &c. &c., but can by no means join in their censure. I went last Thursday to Carlisle House to hear the following question debated, viz. "Whether the representatives of the people ought to be answerable in a private capacity for what they may say in their official ones;" and can assure you the proposition was treated in a manner that would have reflected no discredit on that august assembly, from whose transactions it originated. Many very good speeches were made on both sides. The principal speakers were Mr. B., Mr. F., Mr. L., Mr. R., who contended they ought not; and Mr. —, Mr. Guinness, and Mr. Kemble, that they ought. Mr. Guinness, a student in the Temple, possesses uncommon fire, and a voice that adds an animation to his discourse in so high a degree, that his own earnestness might almost, without argument, convince the audience of the truth of his assertions. Mr. Kemble, from the University of Douai, in Flanders, closed the debate in a speech strongly contrasted to the manner of Mr. Guinness. Mr. Guinness is loud, impassioned, hasty; Mr. Kemble, modest, calm, argumentative. I should call the former the Fox, the latter the Burke, of Carlisle House. The auditors, according to their several tastes, highly admired each. If I might advise these two gentlemen, Mr. Guinness should descend one degree nearer the common course of conversation, and employ the force of his voice and action more sparingly; Mr. Kemble should speak rather louder; his action was every where easy; but, either from apprehension or natural defect, I am sure the ladies and gentlemen at the bottom of the hall could barely hear a fine speech, which more confidence would have made felt. Mr. Kemble, in his exordium, informed the auditors it was his first essay, which accounted to them for his diffidence. When Mr. Kemble speaks again, I hope he will sit opposite the chair, for in that situation he will be better heard and seen. The question throughout was excellently disputed; and, though Mr. Guinness's fire and his friend Mr. Kemble's elegance excited the repeated and universal plaudits of the assembly, they could not obtain a majority in their favour; but, like those to whom I have compared them, talked best on that side, which, if the house had divided, would, I believe, have proved the minority. The hour of debate had expired before Mr. Kemble sat down: it was too late to take the voices, and the leaders on each side retired to a good supper together, inwardly convinced that their respective causes were most powerful. This, sir, is certainly a truly British evening's entertainment, and may prove the best school for politicians, counsellors, and preachers. Counsellor F— entertained the room with an invective against the

reviewers. I intend to send you a more particular account of next Thursday evening's debate; and am, sir, your constant reader,
QUINTILLIANUS.

The Morning Chronicle.

Mr. Woodfall, you are confessedly the censor general of all public amusements, and you have an undoubted title to the office you enjoy; I wish, like some other offices, it were encumbered with more substantial emoluments than the praise of the impartial. To you I with great propriety send the following account of last Thursday evening's debate at Carlisle House, at which your unremitted attention to another house prevented your being present. "Ought the members of parliament to answer out of the walls of St. Stephen for what they say within them?" This was the question. Many gentlemen spoke to it very ably, particularly a Mr. Guinness, a student of the law, and a Mr. K— from York, who were both of opinion that they should be accountable, as private gentlemen, to any member they might officially insult. Mr. Guinness spoke his sentiments with the passion of an Hibernian, in the language of an Englishman. Mr. K— was so low in his first sentence that the moderator admonished him to raise his voice, which he did, as far as his apprehension on a first appearance in so respectable a society would permit him, and delivered his sentiments in so becoming a modesty and unaffected an ease, as to excite the warmest plaudits of all his audience when he closed the evening's conversation. A young gentleman, in the course of his harangue, adverted most beautifully to the character of a certain gladiatorial member of the church. Counsellor Fielding was very severe on the reviewers, and occasioned much mirth. Many men of taste honoured the debate with their company, and the tea-rooms were cooled with the flutterings of the bird of paradise and many others of the painted-feathered choir.—Your admirer and constant reader,
ANTONIUS.

St. James's Chronicle.

The debates at Carlisle House, last Thursday evening, were, indeed, masterly. Mr. Guinness, of the Temple, and Mr. Kemble, of the Theatre Royal in York, acquitted themselves highly to their own credit and the entertainment of a very polite and judicious assembly. I hope, in a few years, this kingdom will feel the benefit of these disputing societies, evidently well calculated for the improvement of public speaking.

London Evening Post.

It was computed that there could not be fewer than 1500 persons at Carlisle House last Thursday. The conversations were very elegant. Mr. Guinness, an Irish gentleman, and a Mr. Kemble, were particularly admired, and with great justice. Though their manners of speaking are entirely different, yet it is hard to say which was most applauded. It was very fortunate that Mr. Kemble, who ended the evening's debates, was of the same opinion with his friend Mr. Guinness on the question before the house, as a difference of sentiment in these two orators might have created a dispute in the assembly not easy to have been decided.

DRAMA.**KING'S THEATRE.**

On Saturday the Opera season concluded with a full but profitless house, there being neither

fashion nor money in it, and the audience principally composed of various orders. In the opera of *Agnes de Mademoiselle Gai* was a very indifferent heroine; but Tamburini sung delightfully. *Faust* concluded the entertainment, and "God save the King" was performed by orchestra and stage about as badly as we ever heard it. On a retrospect, however, we must say that Laporte has made prodigious exertions, and therefore we hope no great sacrifice, to bring before the English public, during the season, the highest dramatic and musical talent which could be obtained in the world. He has had a galaxy of stars at immense cost, and if he has not had, he has amply deserved, success. The theatre, we believe, continues in his hands next year, and similar efforts are already in progress to render it every way worthy of patronage.

HAYMARKET.

FARREN's severe indisposition, which has kept him off the stage for the last week, is a sore loss to the Haymarket, which had got several popular pieces into full play; but every effort has been made by the managers and the other performers to make the deficiency as little felt as possible. On Wednesday Mr. Charles Matthews produced a new piece, from the *Pyramus and Thisbe* of Kotzebue, which was very lively and ludicrous, and, consequently, very successful. The wall-fruit loves of the faithful pair were drolly travestied by Brindal and Mrs. Humby, while Buckstone, as a tailor, and guardian of the maid, threw an additional quantity of humour into the scene. The house laughed heartily, as other houses will, at the *jeu d'esprit*. Malibran sung the "Deep, deep sea," and another ballad, with great effect. The trick of shaking on a low note, like the variation of a growl, is not worthy of her talent.

The French Plays have recently been well attended, and afforded a great treat to the spectators. Montean is charming in action, replete with grace and expression, and Laporte himself a most amusing comedian.

THE DRAMA: *Public Meeting.*—On Wednesday another meeting was held at the Crown and Anchor, for the furtherance of the proposed measure of liberating the minor theatres from the bonds which now enthrall them. Mr. E. L. Bulwer was in the chair; and after addresses from the Marquess of Clanricarde, Mr. Hawes, Mr. Henry Bulwer, Dr. Wade, Mr. M'Carthy, Mr. W. Leman Reede, Mr. Serle, Mr. Thelwall, and Mr. Davidge, resolutions, and a petition to the legislature, were agreed to, and a sanguine hope expressed that next session the objects of the petitioners would be attained. There was some very strange reasoning and curious remarks; but the whole meeting afforded good entertainment.

VARIETIES.

Mnemonetchny.—We had the honour to be invited by Professor Ducastil to an exhibition, "on Tuesday next," of his powers of memory, agreeable to the system of M. Aimé, of Paris; but the able lecturer having forgot to date his note, or signify the date, we did not exactly know the date fixed, and had not time to inquire, as we only received the note on Tuesday the 13th.

The National Gallery.—From a conversation in the House of Commons on Monday night, it appears that Mr. Wilkins's plan and site have been abandoned. "Suspended" is the

soft parliamentary phrase, but the literal meaning is, that the design has very properly been given up, and the country saved from an inconvenient and unsuitable and expensive speculation. There is now some talk of using the Banqueting-Room at Whitehall for the reception of the national pictures. Whatever is determined on will, we trust, after the near escape we have had from one gross blunder, be maturely considered both with reference to the present and to future contingencies.

Generation of Steam.—It is stated that a great discovery has been made of a means to generate steam by a chemical process instead of the use of fuel. An inflammable gas is produced and applied, and the whole apparatus occupies a small compass; as the agents are not bulky, and water can always be procured. Should this improvement realise the hopes of the inventors, it is evident that the longest voyages on the ocean may be performed by steam-vessels, which have of late been gradually yielding, in such cases, to sailing ships.

Mr. Simpson.—Notoriety is every thing, and we darestay this master of the ceremonies at Vauxhall has made himself acceptable to the representatives of the journals who frequent the Gardens. This is wisdom, and we hope he may find the benefit of it; but his ridiculous placard, with a caricature of himself and a nonsensical address to the public, seems more likely to provoke contempt than to procure patronage, even though the *Times* newspaper gave nearly a column and a half to the circulation of the absurdity.

The Perpetual Motion, &c.—The *Scotsman* newspaper assures us, that a person of the name of Buckle, at Berwick, has discovered not only the longitude, but also the perpetual motion!! His namesake predecessor, *Buckle*, the famous jockey, certainly found out, we may say, in one respect, the greatest possible power of motion; but, alas! it was not perpetual, and the horse and his rider are equally at perpetual rest.

Bull.—Bills may be seen about the streets, headed Benefit Society, calling upon mechanics and others to "Join the United Brothers." Has any thing happened to the Siamese Twins?

Fine words butter no parsneps, but they inform us that, under the title of "the *disyn-trechon*," there is about to be opened a *mechano-graphic* view of the Liverpool Rail-road, from sketches made upon the spot, and presenting a faithful delineation of all the prominent and interesting features of the road; with a real rail-way in miniature to complete the exhibition.

London University.—At a meeting of the proprietors on Wednesday, the 7th instant, the Duke of Somerset in the chair, it was agreed to borrow 4000*l.* at 4½ per cent, for five years, in order to clear off all the encumbrances on this property, amounting to 3715*l.*

Smut in Corn.—M. Ad. Brongniart has, by the aid of powerful microscopes, succeeded in ascertaining that this disease is produced by a parasitical cryptogamous plant, which paralyses the growth of the blossom and grain. We may now look with confidence to the discovery of a remedy, as the cause of this evil has been ascertained—an evil which has often destroyed the hope of the most abundant harvest.—*Moleon's Revue Industrielle.*

Proof of the Immortality of the Soul.—"There is one especial proof for the immortality of the soul, founded on adaptation; and therefore so identical in principle with the subject and main argument of our essay—that we feel its statement to be our best and most appropriate termination of this especial inquiry.

The argument is this. For every desire or every faculty, whether in man or in the inferior animals, there seems a counterpart object in external nature. Let it be either an appetite or a power; and let it reside either in the sentient, or in the intellectual, or in the moral economy—still there exists a something without that is altogether suited to it, and which seems to be expressly provided for its gratification. There is light for the eye; there is air for the lungs; there is food for the ever-recurring appetite of hunger; there is water for the appetite of thirst; there is society for the love, whether of fame or of fellowship; there is a boundless field in all the objects of all the sciences for the exercise of curiosity—in a word, there seems not one affection in the living creature, which is not met by a counterpart and a congenial object in the surrounding creation."—*Chalmers' Bridgewater Treatise.*

Anecdote of Keen.—A small club was established by the late Mr. James Perry and Mr. B. Oakley, at the Old Drury Coffee-house, consisting of eight members, of which Keen was one, where, speaking of Cook, the actor, he said,—"I was engaged at a salary of 15*l.* a-week at the Windsor Theatre. Cook was to play Richard, for the benefit of the manager—I sat in the stage-box—he was in a state of evident inebriation. In the fourth scene of the fourth act, when about giving directions to Ratcliff, he came to a stand still—I threw my voice and gave him the cue, 'post to the Duke of Norfolk.' Catching my eye, 'Ah, Ned, is that you? Come here, you rascal.' He could not go on—I dressed myself for the part and finished the play." "Well," he was asked, "and how did you succeed?" His answer was, "I was hissed through the remainder of the piece."

Mr. Irving's Chapel.—The mummeries at this place are still proceeding, although they do not excite so much public curiosity as formerly. On the morning of Sunday week, at the termination of what was really an energetic and eloquent exhortation, by Mr. Irving, a young woman suddenly yelled out, not in an unknown tongue certainly, but in the most dolorous tones conceivable,—"Oh! oh! oh! Tremble! tremble! tremble! Turn ye! turn ye! turn ye! The Lord is at the door! the Lord is at the door! the Lord is at the door! He will come in! he will come in! he will come in!" and a quantity of other gibberish in the same style;—all which, however, Mr. Irving solemnly proclaimed to be an emanation from the Holy Spirit!!! During this absurd exhibition, a lady in the gallery, who had never before witnessed such a scene, could not refrain from smiling; upon which a singularly ill-favoured member of the congregation, with an expression in his grim visage of the utmost fury, asked her if she knew that she was "in the presence of God?" "Yes, sir," said she, "and in that of the devil too, if I may judge by your countenance."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We rejoice to hear that Allan Cunningham has a new edition and a new Life of Burns in hand. It will not only correct errors concerning compositions attributed to the poet, but bring forward poems, letters, and anecdotes which have not hitherto seen the light. It is to be in six monthly volumes, with illustrative vignettes. *Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-book* for 1834, with many Plates, and Poems by L. E. L. *Stuart's Commentary on the Hebrews*, republished under the superintendence of Dr. Henderson. *Scripture Biography*, by Esther Hewlett, author of "Scripture History," &c. *An investigation into the Origin, Religion, Manners, Customs, Language, and History of the ancient Inhabitants of Celtic Gaul and the British Islands*, including

Ireland; intended as an Introduction to the History of the British Islands, by Sir W. Betham.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1833.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 25	From 44. to 71.	30.16 to 30.22
Friday... 26	... 42. to 80.	30.23 Stationary
Saturday... 27	... 49. to 32.	30.22 to 30.19
Sunday... 28	... 50. to 79.	30.20 to 30.23
Monday... 29	... 49. to 74.	30.23 to 30.19
Tuesday... 30	... 44. to 76.	30.26 to 30.32
Wednesday... 31	... 39. to 67.	30.33 to 30.28

Wind variable, N.W. prevailing.

Except the two last days, generally clear; a little rain in the evening of the 28th.

Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 1	From 42. to 68.	30.26 stationary
Friday... 2	... 40. to 70.	30.23 to 30.19
Saturday... 3	... 39. to 69.	30.18 to 30.24
Sunday... 4	... 39. to 67.	30.28 to 30.17
Monday... 5	... 39. to 63.	30.46 stationary
Tuesday... 6	... 41. to 67.	30.47 to 30.46
Wednesday... 7	... 36. to 67.	30.46 stationary

Wind variable, N. and N.W. prevailing. Except the 2d and 3d, and evening of the 5th, generally clear; a little rain on the 3d and 5th, but not measurable.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 8	From 39. to 68.	30.02 to 30.00
Friday... 9	... 38. to 71.	29.93 to 29.97
Saturday... 10	... 39. to 69.	29.96 to 29.93
Sunday... 11	... 36. to 70.	29.94 to 29.97
Monday... 12	... 36. to 66.	29.96 to 29.98
Tuesday... 13	... 35. to 65.	29.95 to 29.97
Wednesday... 14	... 41. to 66.	29.93 to 29.99

Prevailing wind, S.W.

A heavy shower of rain, accompanied by two peals of thunder, in the afternoon of the 10th; otherwise generally clear.

Rain fallen, .05 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. A. S. R. is poetical, but wants skill in composition. The song is on that account declined with thanks.

We regret with "Clericus," but our rule proscribes such subjects.

With regard to three letters received from one who signs himself "Thos. Cambridge," (*a nom de guerre*, we presume), complaining of the publishers of a popular work having deceived him; either he is singularly in error, or we are blind to the unfairness of which he makes complaint; and as we cannot admit its justice, we cannot publish his letters. He appears to have gone on through a long course of the publication without grumbling, and because the publishers, by an after-thought, issue a means of preserving the preceding Nos. in a convenient form, he resists what he calls being taxed seven shillings for what it never was pretended was necessary to the work, and, therefore, he need not have bought it at all. If he had not purchased what he did not want, he might have saved his money, his temper, and our time.

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turn has been made to the House of Commons of the number of stamps issued to each of the Provincial Newspapers in England, in the year ending on the 1st of April, 1833. The list to whom the greatest number have been issued are, "The Leeds Mercury," 111,000; "The Stamford Mercury," 873,000; "The Manchester Times," 198,500; "The Manchester Guardian," 169,500; "The Liverpool Mercury," 174,500; and "The Hampshire Telegraph," 166,000. Of the whole number 176, there are only 50 which have had so many as 58,000, or 1,000 a week, and many have not had more than 10,000, or 200 a week.

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